The SPHERE

Vol. CXXXI. No. 1709 OCT. 22, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

DINNEFORD'S
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MAGNESIA
BRITISH MANUFACTURE

An Agreeable Medicine

As a laxative Dinneford's has been in use for over a hundred years, and is recommended by doctors as thoroughly safe and effective for use in cases of Acidity of the Stomach, Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Gravel, Headache, Heartburn, Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious Affections, &c.

Dinneford's Magnesia can be made into a pleasant drink by diluting it with three parts of water and adding a little lemon juice.

FOR FULL INSTRUCTIONS READ PAMPHLET ENCLOSED WITH EACH BOTTLE.

AVOID IMITATIONS.
Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.
Manufactured in London for the past 100 years.
Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

You're right when your hair's right!

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CREAM & VIOLA
BOTH MASTER THE HAIR

Anzora Viola for dry scalps. Anzora Cream for greasy scalps. In 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 bottles at all Chemists, Hairdressers and stores. These prices do not apply to the I.F.S.

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By Appointment to H.M. King George V

CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

AS GOOD AS WHISKY CAN BE!
mccallum's
PERFECTION SCOTS WHISKY.

COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
THE FINEST LIQUEUR WITH THE COFFEE.

WE NEED YOUR MONEY FOR A SPLENDID CAUSE
THE CARE OF YOUNG LIVES
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
(Founded 1843)
Plead most earnestly for immediate funds, to feed, clothe and educate the 1,100 children in the various Homes and Training Ship "Arethusa."
Subscriptions and Donations show a heavy falling off.
Please Help Us
THE CHILDREN WILL THANK YOU
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TRADE J R D MARK
J. R. D. SCOTCH WHISKY
The Best Scotch Obtainable
JOHN ROBERTSON & SON, LTD., DUNDEE, SCOTLAND
ESTABLISHED 1827

A MOTOR UNION POLICY IS THE HALL-MARK OF THE DISCERNING MOTORIST
MOTOR·UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

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Patent No. 287950
the 1933
VELVET
FULLY GUARANTEED

"ARTVEL" is equal to the finest ring velvet in the beauty of its rich sheen and suppleness, but offers a considerable advantage in cost. Although delicate in texture it is guaranteed for strength and reliability. Owing to its special patented weave it has an uncrushable pile and can be very successfully washed or dry cleaned.

"ARTVEL" is shown in all the fashionable shades, and in a splendid range of original printed effects.

Plain shades 7/11 Printed 8/11
per yard: 36 inches wide.

Stocked by all leading drapers in the piece and made-up garments. The name "ARTVEL" should be seen on selvedge or garment tab.

Ask your draper for leaflet giving hints on making up and washing "ARTVEL," etc.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to Balstone, Cooke & Co. Ltd., Manchester. Manufacturers also of

"Nonpareil"
the guaranteed super Cotton Velvet.

These All-British Velvets are guaranteed to be

Worrall Dyed
VELVET
MANCHESTER TRADE MARK

Swan & Edgar's Excellent Values in Dressing Gowns

L.15. English Knitted Wool Bed Gown, ideal for sleeping or travelling. In Pink, Sky Blue, Apple Green, Peach, Lemon or Lavender with White facings or White with Pink or Sky borders.

10/-

L.16. English Quilted Artificial Silk Dressing Gown, lined with plain rayon to tone. In Red, Powder Blue, Royal Blue, Olive Green, Mid Green, Emerald, Royal, Orange or Black. Sizes: S.W. 48 ins. and W. 50 ins.

18/11
O.S. 54 ins., **25/-**

Lace Wool Bed Jacket, 10/-

L.17. Dainty Lace Wool Bed Jacket, trimmed with self coloured Swansdown. In White, Pink, Peach, Sky Blue, Lemon, Apple or Lavender.

10/-

Dressing Gowns: Fourth Floor.

SWAN & EDGAR

Piccadilly Circus - The hub of the World

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Real Lace Tea Cloth

Here is a typical example of the lace and linen vogue. Irish Linen Tea Cloth with border and motifs of real filet lace and fine Italian embroidery. Natural shade. Size: 45 × 45 ins. Price 59/6

It can be inspected at the Linen Hall, Regent Street, among a company of equally pleasing pieces.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD
THE LINEN HALL, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
ILLUSTRATED LINEN LIST—POST FREE

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON 10/- OR £1 PER MONTH

OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT WITH

Smartwear

NO DEPOSIT.
NO REFERENCES REQUIRED EVEN FROM THOSE WHO ARE NOT HOUSEHOLDERS.

"EILEEN"
Yours for first Payment of 20/- Post Free and

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VISIT our magnificent showrooms—the finest in London—or if you are unable to call, our specially-trained Staff in the Mail Order Department guarantee to fit you to perfection by post.

FURS AND FUR
Coats a Speciality.
Extended Credit Payments to suit Customer's convenience. Write for fully illustrated Fur Catalogue.

"EILEEN"
This exceptionally well-tailored Camel Tweed Coat has a collar of Persian Lamb and is lined silk. Finished with leather belt and steel buckle. Colours: Black/White, Beige Brown and all the new shades. ALL SIZES including Outsize.

PRICE 6 gns.

No extra charge for outsizes or models made to measure. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money refunded.

Smartwear supply CINTRA PEARLS 16 ins. long with gold clasp complete 10/- only

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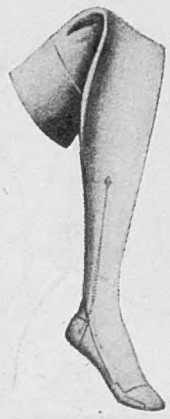
A visit next week to Woollands, the House of personal service, will be a pleasing demonstration of the unsurpassed value offered. It is a rare opportunity to obtain at marked reductions dress-items of the high quality for which Woollands has a long-standing reputation.

AUTUMN CATALOGUE Post Free on Application

(Not illustrated)
Pure Silk Hose, excellent wearing. All British. All newest shades. Open Clox. **Special Price 7/11**

G. 126. Ladies' Doeskin Gloves lined natural Rabbit, in useful shades.
Usual Price **16/9**
THIS WEEK'S PRICE 14/9

G. 124. Strong Degrain Gloves, in Slate, cuff lined with natural Rabbit.
Usual Price **11/9**
THIS WEEK'S PRICE 9/6



H. 315. Pure Silk Hose, with pretty Openwork Clox. Sizes, 8½ to 10½.
Reduced Price 4/11
Other qualities, **6/6** and **8/6** *(British)*
Black & all colours.

Woollands
WOOLLAND BROS., LTD.,
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1
'Phone: SLOANE 4545

H. 302. A new Pure Silk English Silk Hose (with silk plated feet) and pretty Openwork Clox. Smart, perfect fitting and very durable. In every up-to-date shade. Sizes, 8½ to 10½.
Usual Price 7/11
SPECIAL WEEK'S PRICE 6/11

at the
Largest Shoe Shop in the World

37×317
Bulrush Calf and Dark Brown Suede Welted Sole. Leather Cuban heel.
Continental Model.
55/-

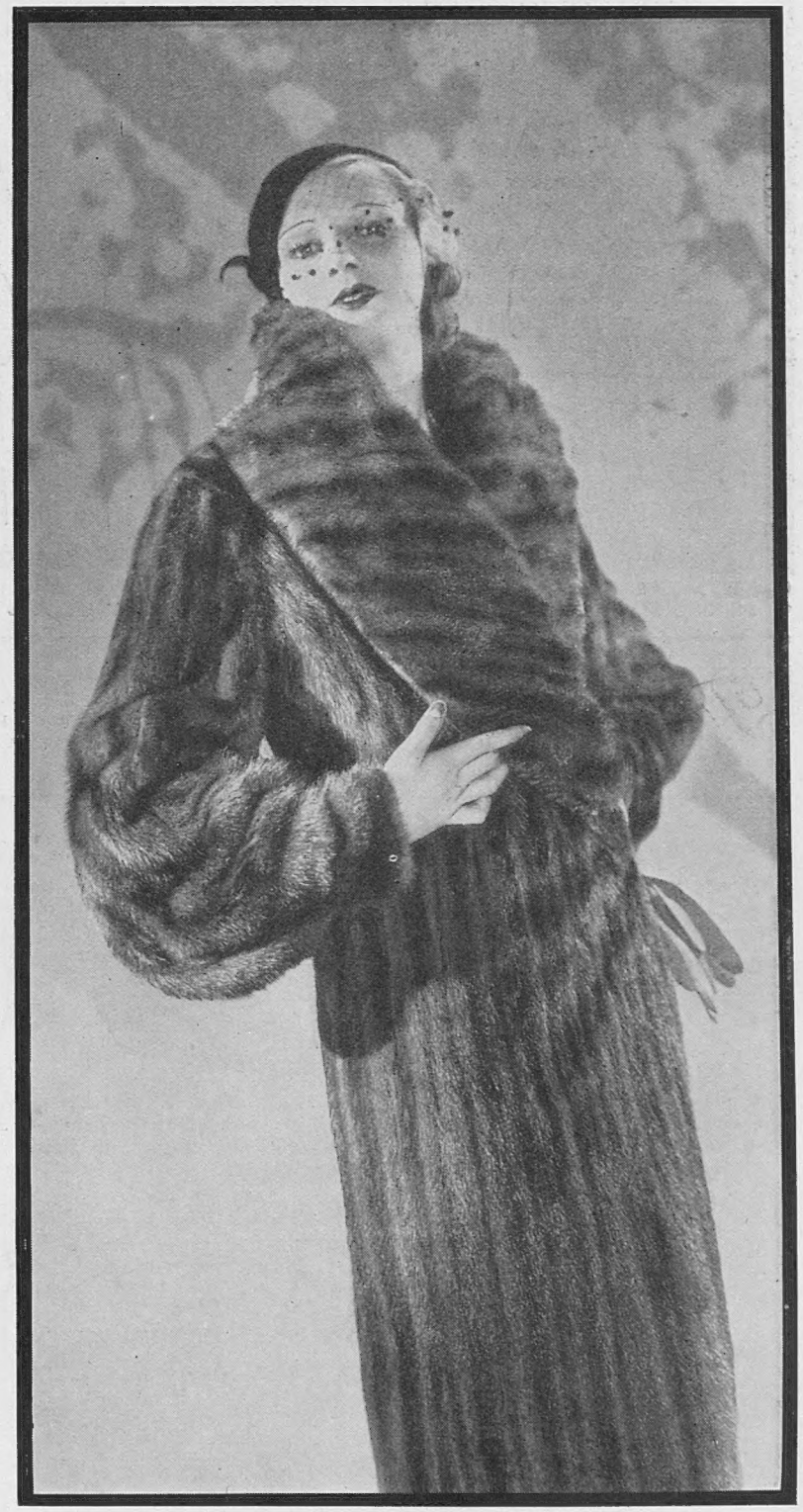
34×83
In Bulrush Calf. Covered Cuban heel. London Hand Made. 39/6

C.O.D. 10/- deposit required on all Overseas Orders

Lilley & Skinner Ltd
358-360 Oxford Street &
Stratford Place W.1.

FURS of Authority by Debenhams

A page from the Book of Furs recently published, portraying the new Autumn Models. Sent post free on request.



NATURAL MINK FUR COAT of exceptional value, full-length, worked from fine quality perfectly matched skins, with an attractive reversed working for the collar; lined satin. Price 98 *gns.*

Debenham&Freebody
WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1
(Debenhams Ltd.)

CLEVER COATS FOR COLDER DAYS!

2326.—A Dress Coat, in grandiloquent wool, with a broad cord weave. In Brown, Wine, Green, Navy, and Black. **£7 . 17 . 6**

2313.—Here is a brilliant Coat. Made in wool of rectangular weave, in Brown, Wine, Navy, Black and Olive Green. **£5 . 19 . 6**

2596.—A new edition of the famous Jaeger Camel-hair Coat. Challengingly smart. In natural—and a scintillating White Camel-hair. **£8 . 8 . 0**

2586.—Our new wool-lined Top Coat, lined in a cherishing feather-weight wool. In Natural, Light Brown, Nigger and Black-White. **£5 . 19 . 6**

2310.—And here's one of those regal affairs that give one such poise in these hampering days. In Nigger, Wine, Purple, Navy, Black. **£7 . 17 . 6**

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● THE JAEGER HOUSE, 352-4, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1 ● 119, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.
● 30, KING ST., MANCHESTER ● PARKER & CHURCH ST. CORNER, LIVERPOOL ● 16, BUCHANAN ST., GLASGOW.

THERE IS A JAEGER AGENT IN EVERY TOWN

Thierry

Est. 1839.

Telephone: Regent 1246. Kensington 6079

FOR GOOD SHOES.

Sports shoes in tan and white, tan and fawn, black and white, or ail tan - - - 25/6

This model in black box calf, glace kid, or tan willow - 37/6 Note the comfortable Louis heel.

ALL BRITISH MADE

In tan, willow or black box calf, **24/6** *(Post free in the U.K.)*

These shoes are not only excellent in wear but they have the hall-mark of the good shop. Genuine hand-sewn shoes, **52/-** *to* **84 -**. *For 84/- we can supply the finest quality shoe which British craftsmen can produce.*

Thierry

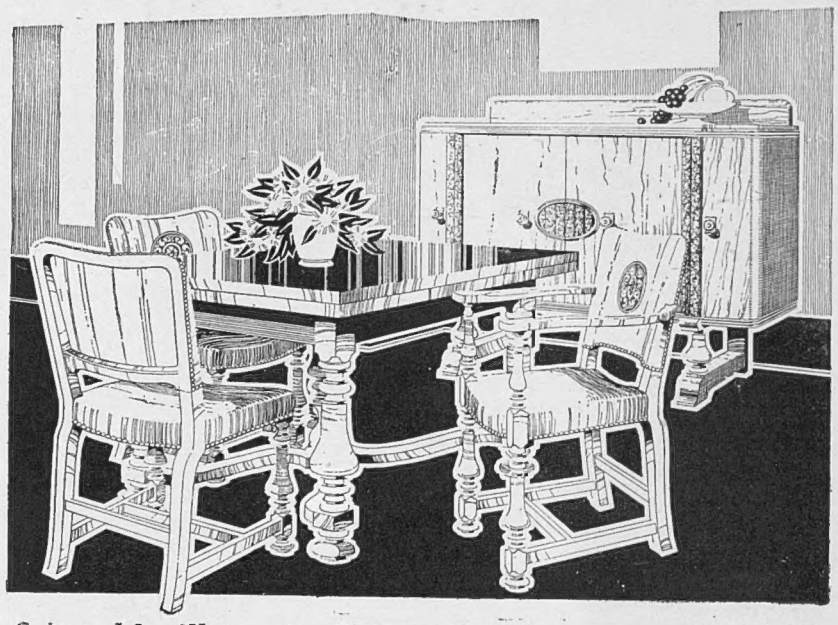
70, Regent Street, London, W.1 (*A few doors from Piccadilly Circus*)

And

47, SUSSEX PLACE, S.W.7 (*One minute from South Kensington Station*).

Also at 5, St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

JELKS' MODERN NEW OR SECOND-HAND FURNITURE



Selected for illustration from 64 Complete Dining Room Sets

YOU will always find the most unique collection of modern new and secondhand furniture in our showrooms, and as these stocks comprise the largest of its kind, you would spend a most interesting hour among these galleries.

PURCHASES CAN BE ARRANGED, IF REQUIRED, OVER 1, 2, 3 OR 4 YEARS.

Write for the free 144-page illustrated book filled from cover to cover with Drawings and Specifications of a part of this stock.

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19 Routes of Trams and 'Buses pass the door. Adjoining Piccadilly Tube and City Tube.

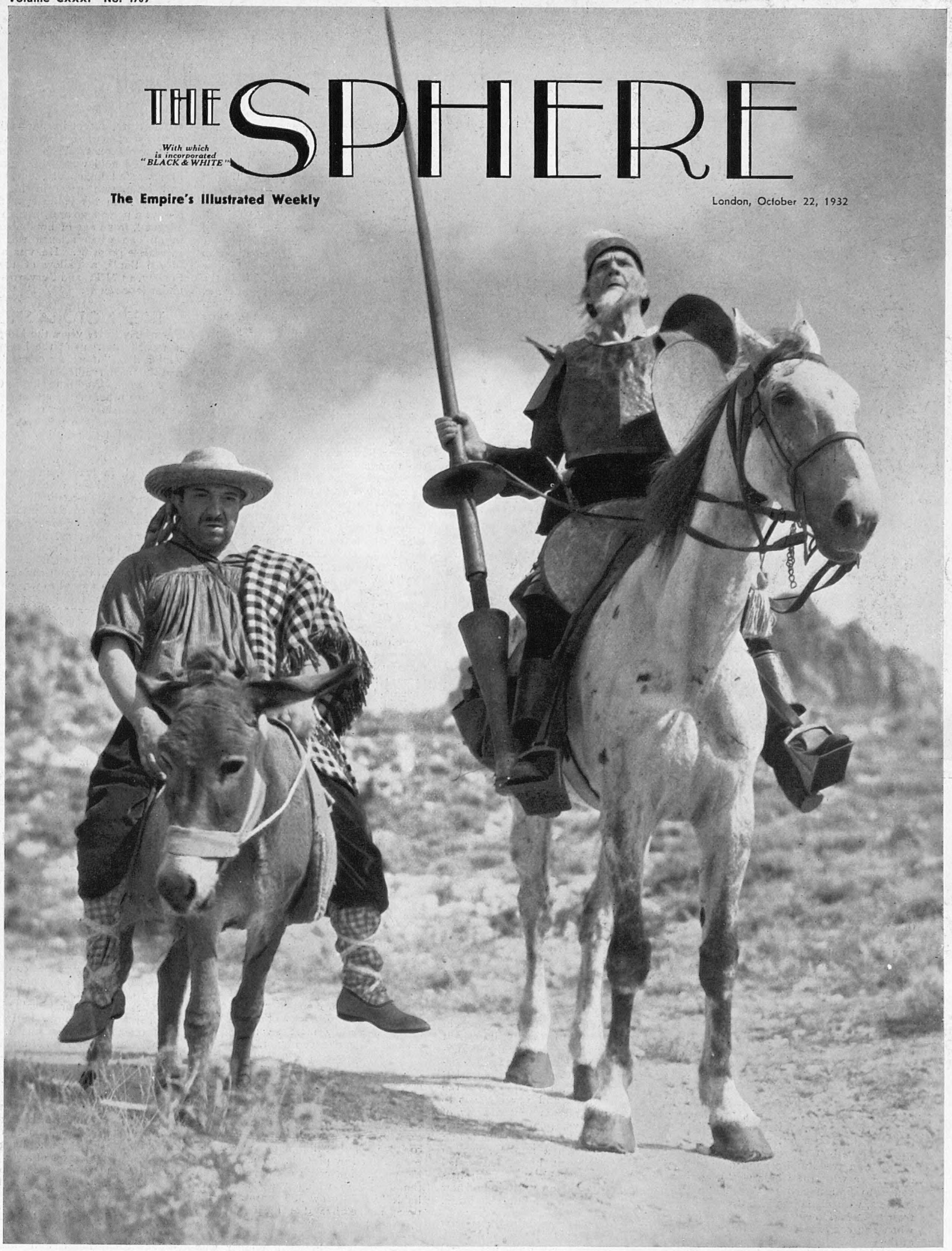
OPEN ALL DAY SATURDAY. **'Phone: NORTH 4007 (5 lines)**

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, October 22, 1932



DON QUIXOTE
Rides Again the ROAD of CHIVALRY

M. Feodor Chaliapin and Mr. George Robey in the Great Film Venture

A galaxy of stars has been gathered together at Nice to record for the speaking screen one of the great masterpieces of the world's literature, *Don Quixote*, in which "Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away" (first published in 1605). The film is being made in two versions, one for each of two companies—Vandor in France and Nelson in Britain. The only artist to play in both is M. Chaliapin. Mr. George Robey plays the Esquire in the British, M. Dorville in the French version, while the Nelson production will also feature Messrs. Oscar Asche, Miles Mander, Frank Stanmore, and Walter Patch, and Miss Sidney Fox has been imported from America to play the Don's niece. As strong a Continental cast has been engaged for the Vandor vehicle. Both are being directed by the brilliant creator of *Kameradshaft* and *The White Hell of Pitz Palu*, Herr G. W. Pabst, proof of the cosmopolitan character of the organization which numbers no fewer than seventeen nationalities in the personnel. The idea of casting Chaliapin for the Knight of the Doleful Countenance emanated, with typical genius, from Charlie Chaplin!

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

THE WORLD AT THE MOTOR SHOW: The Twenty-sixth Annual Motor Show opened last week at Olympia for its usual ten days of triune triumph—the triumph of invention, the triumph of commercial success, and the triumph of popularity. The inevitable comment—"better than ever"—is as applicable this year as heretofore; the cars are more luxurious, more reliable—and cheaper than ever before

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 19, 1932.

THE TRUTH ABOUT OTTAWA.—The Bogie-man of Ottawa turns out to have been a hollow turnip. The delay in publishing the results was inevitable, but British statesmen were well aware it would give a handle to the Government's critics and even prejudice a favourable reception of the results by its supporters. In these days what is unknown is always magnificently bad. The effects of careful plans by human beings are more than ever difficult to forecast, but so far as human reasoning is dependable it is safe to say that Britain got as good as she gave away and that the agreements, so far from prejudicing the chances of results at the World Economic Conference, do indeed by example, practice, and preaching teach a lesson and point the way to a hesitant and suspicious world hedged in by self-imposed barriers. Can the Empire come now to a conference with the whole world, convened to find means to smash those barriers, with clean hands and a will to freer trade? How can it be otherwise when she comes with a working model of the machine in her hands prepared to explain the way the wheels go round? And how can she be an unwelcome guest if she carries on her person a little of that fuel, won by freer trade, by which alone the wheels can be kept revolving? Mr. Baldwin has waited patiently for vindication, but it seems to me he leaves the court with a clean sheet and even deserves the mild applause in court which the judge sees no reason to check.

PARLIAMENT AND THE COURTS.—The makers and administrators of the Law have now resumed their several functions in London. Both of these two great institutions—Parliament and the Bench—support their high and age-old traditions with majestic ceremonial. Of the two, one is to-day more impressed by the majesty of the Law, though efforts are being made in the highest quarters to re-impress the public with the majesty of Parliament. Parliament is handicapped by the fact that it is not seldom let down by undignified conduct in the ranks of the law-makers. In the Judicature dignity is maintained almost constantly from the lowest to the highest court. I am constantly struck afresh by its majesty. Whether it be an unpaid volunteer in mufti trying important cases at Quarter Sessions, or the Squire-Chairman of the Local Bench of Magistrates, or a High Court Judge in scarlet, ermine, and wig, the dignity of the Law never varies and never ceases to impress. The pity is that a body of magistrates so wise, so serene, so impartial, so majestic, should be called on to deal with such a rag-bag, such a jumble of worn-out boots, antiquated garments, tattered shirts, and scrap-iron mingled indiscriminately with sound new cloth, pliant leather, and durable brass.

PARTIES AND PARTY LEADERS.—Time does not stand still. It is a fact which periodically strikes one with a nasty jolt. Lord Winterton has recently collided with this disagreeable fact, and the collision shook the MS. of his Memoirs out of his pocket. And now he has discovered that Mr. Baldwin is growing old, and a Parliament or so will see him on the shelf. Lord Winterton has his eye on Mr. Baldwin's successor—as leader of the Conservative Party. He finds four sound candidates in the present Government from whom the choice of a first-rate leader could be made. They are young; one is only thirty-five, the eldest barely fifty—and their names are . . . But soft . . . their names you must guess for yourselves. I have made my own guess. A Parliament or two is a vague term. Mr. Baldwin may himself be contemplating retirement at the end of a Parliament or two, and by that time the fifty-year-old candidate will hardly last the fifteen years which Lord Winterton regards as the minimum for a party leader. I wonder whether we are not in more urgent need of new parties than of party leaders. It is the parties and the system that are outworn, antiquated, and decayed, and need successors. We must repair the carts before we go to the trouble of replacing worn-out horses.

DREAMING OF A CROWN.—If there were one thing which the least self-confident would confidently have staked his all upon during the decade which followed the War, that certainty was that no Hohenzollern would ever again sit on the throne of his fathers. During that decade the King-business (other than the strictly constitutional King-business) appeared to be dead, buried, and decayed. The War drove a round dozen crowned heads into oblivion, and the War is still fresh in memory. Since the Peace of Versailles how many Kings have "crept out again to feel the sun"! Singly, insidiously, one by one, thrones have been reoccupied; checked now and then by late revolutions, the King-business has gradually returned to favour. Men in the fog of disillusionment cannot live without a symbol of authority, and given the perfect pattern of constitutional monarch there is no symbol to compare with a crown. A President is but such as you or I, kicked upward. A King is of a race apart. A top hat is President's wear and stock-broker's wear; but a crown is unsullied and unachievable by the man-in-the-street howsoever ambitious. And Democracy's last handicap and incurable infirmity is, first and last, rank suspicion of its leaders and jealousy of those who rise from its body to its direction. Yet of all pretenders to a throne, he whose record would seem charged with the most insurmountable obstacles—if memory survived two decades—is the Crown Prince of Germany. A changed man, a man who has benefited from much suffering and learned a hundred valuable lessons from bitter humiliation, failure, and experience, but still a Hohenzollern, still Little Willie, still the son of a living and insurmountable obstacle. Yet Little Willie—there can be no doubt of it—dreams dreams and believes that dreams come true. And no dream is so fantastic but it may come true, if we consider how often Kings have come back to their own by the very agency most sworn to the extermination of sovereignty.

WREN.—On October 20, 1632, was born in the still charming village of East Knoyle in Wilts Christopher Wren, the vicar's son. He lived to be ninety-one, and before he died must have had (as do not all illustrious men) a rough idea that his name would be remembered by posterity on account of his work. He could not have foreseen the extent to which the "centenary habit" would grow 300 years after his time, nor realize that (owing to his great age) he would remain almost constantly in the public eye for a decade in 1923–32. Not that a Londoner who knows anything of London can well forget him. He built a church in London for every week in the year, and about half remain. Within a mile radius of Ludgate half the towers cry out his name, and the bells of St. Clement, St. James, St. Martin, St. Mary, St. Bride, St. Stephen, St. Dunstan, St. Michael, and St. Magnus ring out his fame. Not to speak of St. Paul. The architect of a new London, a city raised from an ash heap, he might well have died an astrologer, a man of science of the kidney of Newton. He was thirty before he studied architecture, except insofar as the circle of that science was cut by his experiments in other branches. Wren's immense labours and achievements were curiously ill rewarded financially, but his fame and estimation grew in his lifetime steadily from his youth up. He was always a personage and in his maturity a legend, in an age of notable men and in an age when science was making incredible progress. He was a Fellow of All Souls, a Fellow of the Royal Society, an M.P., and Surveyor-General under four reigns.

THE MOTOR SHOW.—For nearly thirty years the Motor Show has encouraged us at the beginning of winter that "if winter comes," spring and the open road lie at the end of the dark tunnel. And not seldom, Olympia has given proof of the essential courage and optimism of our race. For ten years and more the prices of cars have fallen, and fallen in inverse ratio to the amenities offered. Every year we declare that the last word in simplicity of control, in luxury, in comfort, and in finish has been reached, and each autumn we are discredited. The movement to perfect ease of gear change is growing rapidly. Only the other day there was a single example; now there are nearly thirty to choose from. This is a curious fact when we remember that the bulk of motor-car propaganda is designed to appeal to women who in the mass are infinitely more expert drivers mechanically than men. Their road sense is another matter. The open car is coming back into favour, rather to my surprise after testing exhaustively the blessing of the sliding roof. And the four-cylinder engine is another come-back. A famous firm's new "25" naturally excited as much attention as did Elizabeth's throne in another place. Entirely new in design it is an astonishing bargain at under £400. What indeed could the most rapacious road-eater ask more? But it is folly for a man like me to go to Olympia. Yesterday my good hack was a thoroughbred. To-day it's but a limping old crock.

TREASURES AT CHRISTIE'S.—Visiting Christie's last week was rather like going to a cocktail party. The stimulus was provided by æsthetic cocktails of a very rare sort and friends and acquaintances were to be met on all hands. There are nearly 1,500 gems and each one can be (less loosely than usual) called priceless. In the great days they stood (and were accepted) in their corners as a matter of course in the palaces of Europe and the manor houses of Britain, and as the generations passed their sordid value increased as their traditions grew in importance and their rarity increased. Take Ferneley's *Tedworth Hounds* — that jewel of animal portraiture—once it was just a commission to a journeyman artist to "do my hounds." Or Raeburn's superb *General MacDowall*. In Trafalgar year the painting was commissioned by the Erskine family as a commonplace ritual, and doubtless accepted as such at a haggled and perhaps deferred price of a few guineas. Now they must be the object of a national effort. The crowd, of course, jostled thickest round No. 1, Elizabeth's embroidered throne, laid up for generations in utilitarian lavender—a most potent sulphur powder whose fumes drove back moth and man alike. Superbly executed and preserved, it proves to the hilt the regality of Elizabeth in her subjects' eyes, and of the craftsmen of the sixteenth century in posterity's eyes. The tankards, tazzas, and cups of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or the Henry VII's gilt salt-cellar, are all unique pieces, and one turns from them to puzzle out the problem of how on earth their fellows could have vanished from the earth. And the same question irritates one in the furniture section. For these treasures in our wondering eyes are imperishable and beyond the baneful

sletter

power of impious children, thieves, and time itself. Yet for every treasure shown, ninety-nine peers are extinct.

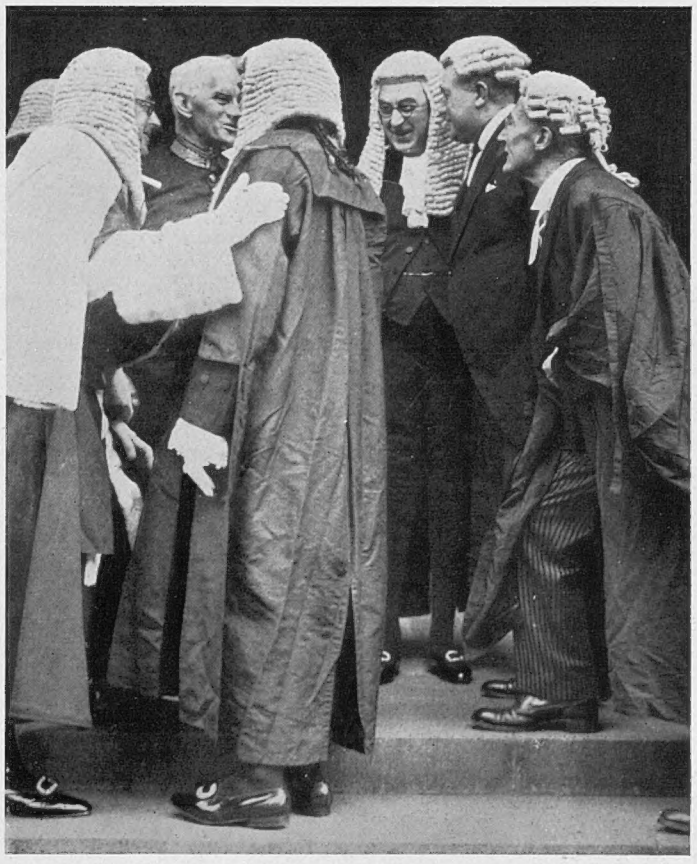
DUFF COOPER AND TALLEYRAND.—The charm of Mr. Duff Cooper's *Talleyrand* is difficult to define. It is an irresistible book. It is the *Pride and Prejudice* of biography. Like Jane Austen, he has chosen the very subject which he is cut out by Nature to deal with to perfection. Like her, also, he proves a "good guesser," wherever fact must yield to speculation. Unlike Jane Austen, his short study is the result of profound research and wide reading. But the result is the same, for he has banished all trace of midnight oil, and his Talleyrand runs as smoothly, as confidently, as simply, as naturally, and yet as inexorably, as if it were a tale that is told in an eighteenth-century drawing-room by a god-sent story-teller and shrewd observer of the events of his own day. Gerard's portrait of Talleyrand is enough to assure us that he was a spoilt darling of Fortune, and contains besides the essential materials for a biography. Mr. Duff Cooper's biography precisely documents that charming picture. Each fits the other to a nicety. Each fascinates and charms the senses to which it appeals. Mr. Duff Cooper is himself a darling of Fortune in the variety of his achievements and talents, and it is safe to say that if he gave up politics and devoted himself to literature he would leave to posterity a shelf of books which would delight and improve the coming generations. But he is, unfortunately, something like a knight in shining armour in the drab lists of modern politics.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—You must go to the Victoria and Albert Museum and see those children's books from the seventeenth century to date. It is a return to childhood's dreams and memories, very poignant because so vivid. I came away with the feeling that, if the fare provided for our little ancestors was unsuitable, at least that fare was dished up on the best gold plate. The very best modern children's books are excellent in every way, but the bulk that are published now compare ill with those of the eighteenth century, chiefly in illustration. The idea obtains to-day that any mutt can draw for children and any antiquated colour process is good enough to reproduce those illustrations, and *that* although good artists exist and wonderful processes also. It is an idea to correct. You have but to glance at those productions of the "perfect" publisher, Harris; the Butterfly's Ball Group; or exhibit No. 182 (Modes and Manners); or the really superb engravings in No. 217 to realize that in the "dark ages" the best was not too good for five-year-olds. The large North Gallery is full of gems. It is stupid to catalogue them in the "Newsletter." Go and see them and drink in some colour and design. The collection is complete from *The Visible World of 1672* or *The Horn Book* used by Marlborough's children, through the whole range of Newbery, the pioneer, past *Mrs. Trimmer* and *Sandford and Merton* (1789), down to the fabulously valued copy of *Alice* with the original illustrations pasted on reverse, and so to the modern favourites selected from 2,000 candidates. There are many rarities, such as Tommy Trip's *Pretty Book of Pictures*, done anonymously by Goldsmith for Newbery; the original sketches for Alice and John Gilpin; originals by Kate Greenaway, lovely as jewels or illuminated missals — colour, form, humour, perfection, by our despised ancestors. And if time serves, read the text displayed in *Mrs. Trimmer*.

MISS PLUNKET.—There have been recorded many picturesque details about Miss Katharine Plunket. Longevity and links with the past are subjects of universal appeal, since life is dear to the vast majority of the race. Miss Plunket, with her 50 per cent. defiance of "the Psalmist," was a phenomenon of national interest. For there is no doubt about her claims. She was born in 1820, in the year of George III's death, when Byron was alive; sat on Scott's knee; knew the days when pig-tails were normal wear in the House of Commons (one pig-tail survived into the Reform Parliament of 1832 in which Gladstone sat); survived her next sister (who died grown up) by ninety years; was thirty when Wordsworth died, and Wordsworth was born when Chatham and the *Old* Pretender still lived. Indeed, she made a fool of Old Time, yet oddly enough her stock was not remarkable for longevity. Nature chose her out as the happy victim of a freak experiment.

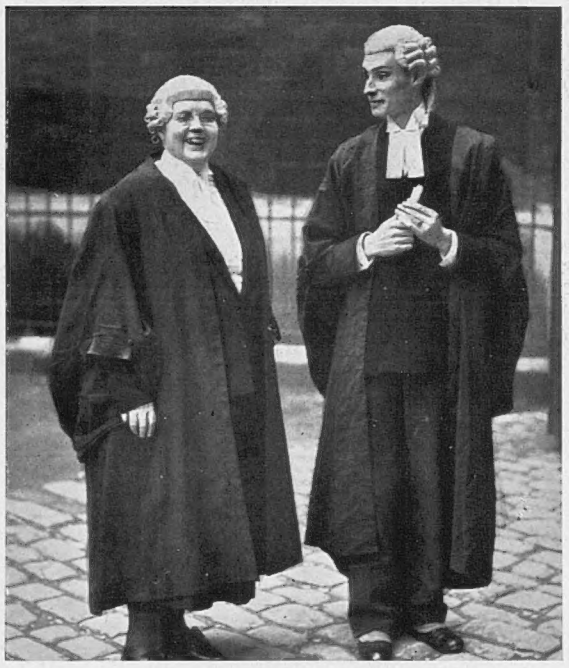
THE OLD STAGER.

HARBOUR MISTRESS is the latest man's job to be taken over by women. Miss Stella Gale is the pioneer and Paignton is the sphere of her activities



ROMAN LAW: A Votive Mass of the Holy Ghost was said at Westminster Cathedral to mark the opening of the Michaelmas Law Term. Mr. Justice Langton is seen above on the left of a group outside the Cathedral. The panoply and majesty of the law form the subject of one of "The Old Stager's" comments this week

THE LORD MAYOR-ELECT, Sir Percy Greenaway, with Lady Greenaway, with the City Marshal after attending the House of Lords to receive from the Lord Chancellor the King's assent



THE SENIOR PRACTISING WOMAN BARRISTER OF THE ENGLISH BAR, Mrs. Helena Normanton, B.A., chatting to Mr. Evelyn Garth Moore, after attending the service at Westminster Abbey

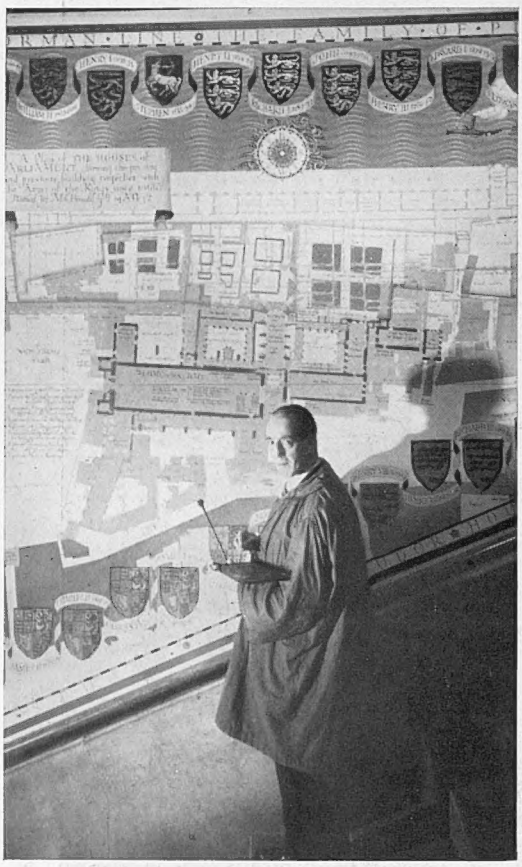
LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY with Father Scott at the opening of the new block of thirty-five flats in Somers Town, which used to be a slum area and now bids fair to be a model settlement

THE BLACKBURN TWINS, who played in *Waltzes from Vienna*, are now engaged in British film work

AT HOME

OUR ROYAL AMBASSADOR'S RETURN: The Prince of Wales heads for The Hague in a motor-car after he and Prince George had landed at the Amsterdam Flying Ground, Schiphol. T.R.H. have just concluded a triumphal tour of Denmark and Sweden

THE BRIDAL ATTENDANTS, Master Antony and Miss Susan Ann Armstrong-Jones, at the wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, of Mr. Linley Messel and Miss Anne Alexander, wore antique costume



THE FINISHING TOUCHES put by Mr. MacDonald Gill to one of the new painted panels in St. Stephen's Porch—a gift of the Underground Railways and of Lieut.-Colonel L. Tebbutt

THE HOUSE OF SALISBURY. Lord David Cecil, younger son of Lord Salisbury, and his bride, Miss Rachel MacCarthy, daughter of the critic

LEAVES AS THICK AS THOSE OF VALLOMBROSA have no terrors for Boo Boo, the Zoo's famous and popular favourite. He seizes a shovel as autumn comes round and does his bit to maintain Regent's Park free from litter!

IN AID OF THE IVORY CROSS: The committee of young society leaders, who are controlling the ball at Grosvenor House on November 3, met on a London roof garden. The group includes Lady Diana Wellesley, Miss Margaret Whigham, Miss Camela Nicholls, and Miss Stourton

AVE ATQUE VALE! Admiral the Hon. Sir Hubert G. Brand (*left*), the retiring C.-in-C. of Plymouth, greets and bids adieu to his successor, Vice-Admiral E. J. A. Fullerton. The retiring C.-in-C. has held the appointment for the statutory three years

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LONDON

The Tercentenary of the Great Rebuilder of London is Marked by a Problem in City Reconstruction Vital to the Amenities of the World's Greatest Metropolis

L ARCHITECTURE TO-DAY": Saviour's, Southwark, shows new Southwark Bridge

unsightly erections at the entrance to Queen Victoria Street, like some mute forgotten relic still rearing its head proudly above the encroaching obscenity of warehouses and station yards. As for the effective little Church of St. Benet on Paul's Wharf, or St. Nicholas Cole Abbey nearby, one might as well look for the proverbial needle in a haystack.

Had a strong Government prevailed at that most necessitous time, when the reconstruction of the major portion of the City should have been its most serious care, it could have forced the buying up of all freehold properties on the street fronts, most of which were small holdings, thereby giving effect to a perfect plan and leaving a tangible monument to its own foresight to be honoured by all posterity. The greatest architectural opportunity that ever presented itself in the history of town planning was here missed, and we can only deplore the evil results of that lack of foresight and at least try to profit from such a colossal mistake.

But do we? Alas! no. The face of London changes daily and the work of building still goes on. True, we build for the most part decently these days, and we have a fine river frontage from Westminster to Blackfriars—but where are the beautiful works of Wren? There is the Chelsea Hospital and a little of the dome of St. Paul's—the little that is left to us by the new white building of the London Telephone Exchange. Where, though, are St. Clement Danes, St. Bride's, St. Martin, Ludgate, St. Mary-le-Bow, and St. Stephen's, Walbrook, whose notable cupola is "a kind of probationary trial previous to the greater dome of St. Paul's"? All either hidden from view by this fine river frontage, mostly set up for the aggrandisement of large industrial concerns, or surrounded by the tall buildings which lack of space compels us to erect, be they in proportion or no.

Is there no law which can cause architects to follow in the footsteps of their great forerunner and study perspective as he did; he who was so careful to consider the purpose of his buildings and their relation to other neighbouring buildings; he whose exact and thorough knowledge of the laws of perspective enabled him to avoid in his magnificent Cathedral the errors that Maderna fell into when he lengthened the nave and added the great west façade to St. Peter's of Rome? For by so doing all the lower portion of the dome is hidden from the near spectator, and the scale of the building consequently impaired, whereas in St. Paul's both façade and dome are seen to be in perfect proportion. Actually, although St. Peter's is much higher than St. Paul's, the latter, owing to Wren's greater feeling for scale, appears to be just as lofty.

Surely it can be no difficult matter for the architects of to-day to be governed by as fine a good sense so that they may be free from the charge of having given us merely a river frontage without regard to the historic background that could surmount that frontage. Many flows of reconstruction are taking place all over London at the present time, but none on so grand a scale as fell to the lot of Sir Christopher Wren to undertake. A similar rush of building is being carried on, one commercial enterprise vying with another in solid blocks of stone and concrete such as the latest completed example—Unilever House; and though this imposing building seems to be the best that our architects are capable of producing, yet it is a pity that that particular site on the river front should have been chosen for the representative of Mammon to stand before the House of God, and obscure it from the view of those who pass down the river that runs through the heart of our capital City.

Wren's was the major reconstruction and the first conscious effort to make London beautiful, and no matter how proud we may be of our magnificent houses of commerce, we owe it to posterity as well as to ourselves not to obliterate completely the greatest and most perfect examples of the English Renaissance, and the work of the greatest and most perfect English architect.

ST. PAUL'S DISAPPEARING: The dire work begins — buildings rise and great cranes push their threatening arms towards the sky

THE PROCESS NEARLY COMPLETE: Wren's masterpiece viewed from the summit of the new Shell building on the Embankment. Special infra-red long distance picture taken to illustrate this article

The extraordinary thing is that this second great personality of the English Renaissance period—Inigo Jones was the first—had no early architectural training. As in Italy and other countries, Renaissance architecture depended for its character and development upon the genius of individual architects; so was it in England with Inigo Jones and Wren. The former gave impetus to what was in effect an architectural revolution in establishing the fully-developed English Renaissance. Previously, the Elizabethan and Jacobean architecture was a transition style, following the Tudor, which was characterized by Gothic forms and Renaissance detail.

Wren followed Jones and carried the Renaissance to its greatest height in England, with this difference: that whereas Inigo Jones had studied in Italy and come under the influence of the Italian Renaissance, and more especially Palladio, Wren never visited Italy, but came under French influence in Paris in his associations during the extension of the Palais du Louvre in 1665 with Bernini, Mansard, and other architects and artists of the Louis XIV Court. French architecture of that time was superior to Italian in that there was present in it that great feeling for scale which Wren inherited and which is evident in his Cathedral.

The contrast in St. Peter's, where Michelangelo took over the work on the death of Sangallo the younger, emphasizes that Michelangelo was primarily a sculptor and showed a fondness in the building of St. Peter's for enormous wall spaces regardless of the architectural scale necessary for so huge a building, in order that his sculpture might be shown to better advantage. Wren, being an architect and a mathematician as well, designed his building paying due attention to scale—the nome, that is, by which the size of a building may be gauged by comparison with familiar things.

Just before the Great Fire Wren was asked by Charles II to prepare a scheme for the restoration of old St. Paul's, which was in a ruinous state. He must have welcomed this chance of remodelling the greater part "after a good Roman manner," and not "after the Gothick rudeness of the old design." His design was submitted in May 1666, but in September of the same year the fire broke out, and old St. Paul's and fifty other churches as well were completely gutted. And so Wren remains in the minds of most people as the great architect of churches.

But his secular buildings are no less beautiful, if not more so, than his churches. What could rival the purity of design of the Chelsea Hospital, showing as it does a perfected knowledge of the proportion between solids and voids, in the treatment of the window and door spaces and the wall spaces? Wren came at the psychological moment to refine the earlier Renaissance, and this refinement can be traced in details such as smaller pediments, mouldings, cornices, and rustications.

Not least did his genius show itself in his domestic architecture in dealing with various country houses. He reverted, unlike Inigo Jones, to the traditional English plan of an E or H-shaped house, and in doing so he welded the new style of architecture in all its conceptions on to that traditional form.

Ninety-one years he lived—a mathematician, astronomer, experimenter in chemistry, anatomist, and architect. In that time he had erected sixty churches and the greatest cathedral in England, thirty hospitals, theatres, and other public buildings, thirty-six of the City companies' halls, and numerous other public and private buildings throughout the country. Let us not in our rush of progress forget the beauty and grandeur of his work, or be willing to emulate his native village where the house in which he was born no longer exists and the tablet put up to commemorate his birth bears inaccurate dates for the day and the year. We know little of him personally beyond what is to be found in the Latin eulogy of Isaac Barrow, but his diary is written in stone round about the City that he built.

THE DROMOS or main corridor leading to the genuine Sibylline cave. The angular converging section of the passage recalls Cretan-Mycenean technique—in front is a low relief arch

THE ENTRANCE TO THE FALSE GROTTO which, until recently, was erroneously believed to be the cave of the Cumæan Sibyl

The SIBYL'S GROTTO

The far-reaching discovery of the Sibylline Grotto at Cumæ, by Professor Maiuri, which is pictorially recorded in a double-page illustration on pp. 146-7 of this issue, has been officially described in the *Bulletin of Mediterranean Studies* published a few days ago.

The official account explains in detail that the quadrangular wine cellar with three large niches, which was the starting-point of the professor's discoveries, was the chamber in which the Pythoness not only prophesied, but actually lived. The deepest of the niches—that on the east—has the form of a cubicle. Access is gained to it through an arched doorway leading from a vestibule flanked by two stone benches. The doorway itself was probably furnished with barred gates or wooden portals—a fact adduced from the presence of holes bored in the lintels. The southern niche is opposite the long corridor running north-south—a *dromos* some 125 yards in length, while the third or western niche probably had a purely ventilatory function.

The wine cellar had in its northern wall a trapezoidally-shaped filled-in cutting which was blocked up to one-third of its height with the accumulated rubbish of years. When walking along the hill overhead, however, the professor noted a series of half-buried holes such as suggested the presence of a straight man-made passage through the earth which, according to the line of the holes, would have its exit in the cutting.

The term *dromos* is applied to this corridor owing, in the words of the report, to "its similarity to the analogous constructions in the chamber tombs of funerary architecture." Work is still in progress strengthening the sides of the *dromos*, which is some 9 ft. wide and 60 ft. in height, dimensions which transcend those of any *dromoi* in Mycenæ or Etruria. Moreover, the professor pays an exalted tribute to the workmanship to be seen even at this late date in the cutting in the living tufa rock not only of the main *dromos*, but of the smaller connecting lateral galleries.

The *dromos* at Cumæ recalls far more the Cretan-Mycenean and Etruscan tombs in the quality of its section than those of the Phlegrian Fields, for the latter are usually dowered with masonry-covered walls and the roof is cut in one singly-curved section, while this corridor displays the doors and polygonal niches typical of the *enceintes* of Italic cities—i.e. where the lower part of the corridor wall is cut perpendicularly and smoothly, the upper portion being vaulted with a flat rood at the summit. The archaic structure and treatment point unmistakably to a Greek influence and Hellenic technique.

The hundred openings in the rock "*unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllæ*—whence re-echo, in rushing murmur voices of equal number, the answers of the Sibyl"—have also been traced.

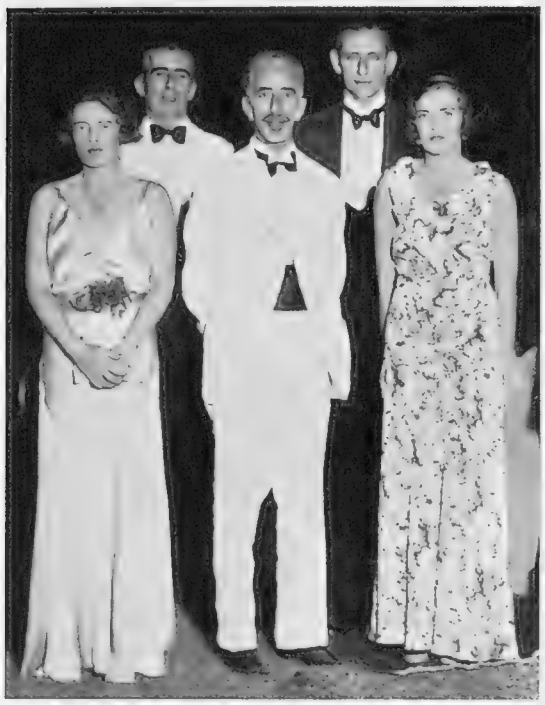
THE FALSE GROTTO which did not tally either with the Vergilian hexametrical description or the prose of later writers

THE ROAD LEADING TO THE CUMÆAN ACROPOLIS where Professor Maiuri has made the fascinating and remarkable discovery of the true Sibylline cave on the side of Mount Cuma opposite to the site of the Grotto hitherto conjectured to be Sibylline

THE ROAD LEADING TO THE TRUE GROTTO: The cavernous approach to the subterranean Sibylline cave

THE UPPER AND LOWER ENTRANCES to the grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl. The whole system of excavations has necessarily been re-excavated and the walls of the various cuttings are in process of being strengthened. *On left* are seen props running between two walls

A WORLD SURVEY



LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN and the Marchioness of Milford-Haven with King Feisal of Iraq, who entertained the distinguished visitors to Bagdad to dinner

REPUBLICAN SPAIN STILL HOLDS TO THE ARMY: President Zamora with Premier Azana, Minister of War, recently attended the autumn manœuvres of the Spanish troops in the Valencia area. Above is a column of infantry. The army, after the Primo dictatorship, is rigorously excluded from the conduct of civil affairs

IRAQ INDEPENDENT: Iraqi students salute King Feisal at the party given to celebrate the entry of the new State into the League of Nations

FRANCE IN JAPAN: The flagship of the French Asiatic fleet, *Primajuet* visited Yokusuka, the great naval base of the Empire of the Rising Sun, recently. The officers of the vessel visited the Meiji shrine, Tokio, outside the main gate of which they are seen above under conduct of an official

THE SOCIALIST WORKERS' PARTY OF AUSTRIA held a convention of the Tyrolean and South German delegates a few days ago. Herr Koch of East Prussia and the Viennese delegate, Herr Frauenfeld, are seen above. The Socialists are becoming as militant as the reactionaries in many cities to-day

THE PARIS-BASLE EXPRESS was derailed a few days ago with a toll of only a few slight injuries. The train was travelling through Villepatour-Presles at 60 m.p.h. when the engine, followed by all seven coaches, left the rails. The first (Belgrade-bound) coach wrecked the station. Repairs took 48 hours

THE OCTOBER FESTIVAL IN MUNICH, commemorating the wedding of King Ludwig of Bavaria—a feast held every year and now become a peasant festival. Peasants in national costume and visitors in ordinary clothes throng to the great meadow outside the Bavarian capital in which a "festival city" is built, largely by the main Münchener Breweries. The old traditions of Bavarian cheer are maintained: whole oxen are roasted and litres and litres of beer are drunk. Side-shows do a roaring trade, and the gala is continued night and day for a considerable time

MUSSOLIN

THE G.H.Q. OF MODERN ITALY: The gleaming solitudes of the Palazzo Chigi, whence th — and governed magnificently — for a decade

"THEY refuse to allow us power? Very well, we will seize it!"

The 30,000 Blackshirts rallied in Naples from all parts of Italy roar answer, arms outstretched. They are the ones who in three years have left 500 dead round Italy (and have killed as many of the enemy). The ex-soldiers and the youths of castor oil and the weighted cane, of burnings and beatings, shootings and sackings, stabbings and kickings. (*Ei! Ei! Eilala!*) A famous general had said but a day or two before, "Five minutes of firing and you'll hear no more of Fascism," yet now here they are, the new host taken care of by bankers and industry to get them out of their socialist troubles; here they are chafing to take over the State under their adored leader; he who, at thirty-nine, had come to Naples via Marxist editing and eleven prisons. Forty-four months earlier this lonely and contemptuous demobilised sergeant of Arditi had founded this movement (on D'Annunzio's flame) in a Milan wineshop; long months during which Italy had grown ever flabbier under played-out politicians, maltreated Italy, by that cad Wilson. Months of violence and hatred through Italy, centring on the necessary elimination of Socialism and its 2,000,000 adherents.

The leader takes the train for Milan where his platform, *Popolo d'Italia*, claims him these supreme hours. The Congress at Naples continues through October 27 and 28 (we are speaking of ten years ago); but the banner of revolt has been raised, and the Government, denied martial law by the King, trembles while all Italy waits. An amazing will is electrically dominating this land, from Majesty down. The possessor of that will believes he is taking a colossal risk; not his most thrilling day-dream ever suggested a telegram from the Sovereign inviting him to be Prime Minister. Yet now such summons arrives at the newspaper office, and in a sleeper with his brother Mussolini journeys down to Rome, where he is received in audience the morning of arrival, the 30th. By evening his Cabinet is formed, and himself, having ordered a march on Rome, goes forth on the Naples road to lead his legions into the capital. He is prayed not to do so, such a record have these legions, but insists, knowing he could not hope to disband without this Arc de Triomphe reward. He will guarantee order. *Evviva il Re!*

And now the rainy morning of entry: the Royal Family on the balcony of the Quirinal; the King taking the salute for five endless hours while the pioneers of the New Italy file amateurishly below, The Tuscan Legion, the Umbrian, the Roman, platoons from Taranto as from Trieste; and in the van the Duce, in front of his quadrumvirate, Balbo, Bianchi, de Bono, de Vecchi. One Legion, from Pavia, is headed by a woman who has become legendary for her night riding against socialist villages. Eyes upwards to the Queen.

The evening of that day is gorgeous strut and crow amid a timid populace, but bloodless, and ere the next twenty-four hours are out the leader has given to the world the first sample of his authority. All those fiery souls reared upon violence are bundled into trains back to the four quarters of the country whence they had come. Yet they return as individual conquerors. The Year I has opened.

On this anniversary of Year X the Fascists have planned whoopee. They number only a million (not counting the impressed children) in a country of nearly 42,000,000, but they are the quality, amid mere quantity, the quality picked out and lavished with power. And they intend to commemorate, to black out popular care temporarily, turn thoughts, by super-mammoth show of WHAT WE'VE DONE AND WHAT WE ARE. Here will be largely theatre, but how the leader can do theatre. The Mussolini Forum, with its tremendous Carrera monolith which it is hoped may speak to the year 4000 and beyond, will be inaugurated in the centre of that blasted-away New Rome fashioned under Fascism that the Old Rome may stand forth in floodlighted relief. The Duce is expected to announce a general political amnesty, extending even to Paris anti-Fascists, and to declare closed the penal islands. How sure is the régime now! (Another reason may be the cost of islands and of gaols.) A great ceremony will be that of the marshes outside Rome, once deadly mosquito swamps, but now reclaimed and to be put under cultivation by 500 ex-soldier families whose 50) farms will depend from two brand-new towns, Littoria and Sabarida. The cost has been shattering, some £15,000 a farm, but Mussolini sees 100,000 settled here in the second decade and, besides, this unique salvaging about Rome shall press home the semi-expropriation of all lands, for similar setting, which the Government has undertaken.

THE MORNING COAT of civil administration

In the Littorio Palace, in Rome, where the terrific Starace reigns, a votive chapel will be dedicated to the 500 martyrs of 1919–22, and tens of thousands of Fascists will march by all through one day reading their Duce's inscription:

When a faith has been, and is, consecrated by the crimson blood of its youth, it cannot fail or die, and will not die.

The civilian Mussolini (who keeps a musket by him) receives modestly, quietly, self-subdued as few. But how terrific is this flamboyantly-kitted and bemedalled and plumed Starace (who keeps a Browning by him), and whose slightest passage is marked by tautest attention! No Cæsar ever condescended among mortals as does Starace on the way to the room of rooms in the Littorio — that immense chamber of fate wherein on one side are all the dossiers of Fascism, and on the other charts and graphs and maps and statistics showing every single thing that is going on, advancing, under the régime through all Italy. Eye-wash, maybe, yet eyewash and theatre are essential props the Duce knows must prevail for the sheep, though how *he* despises them!

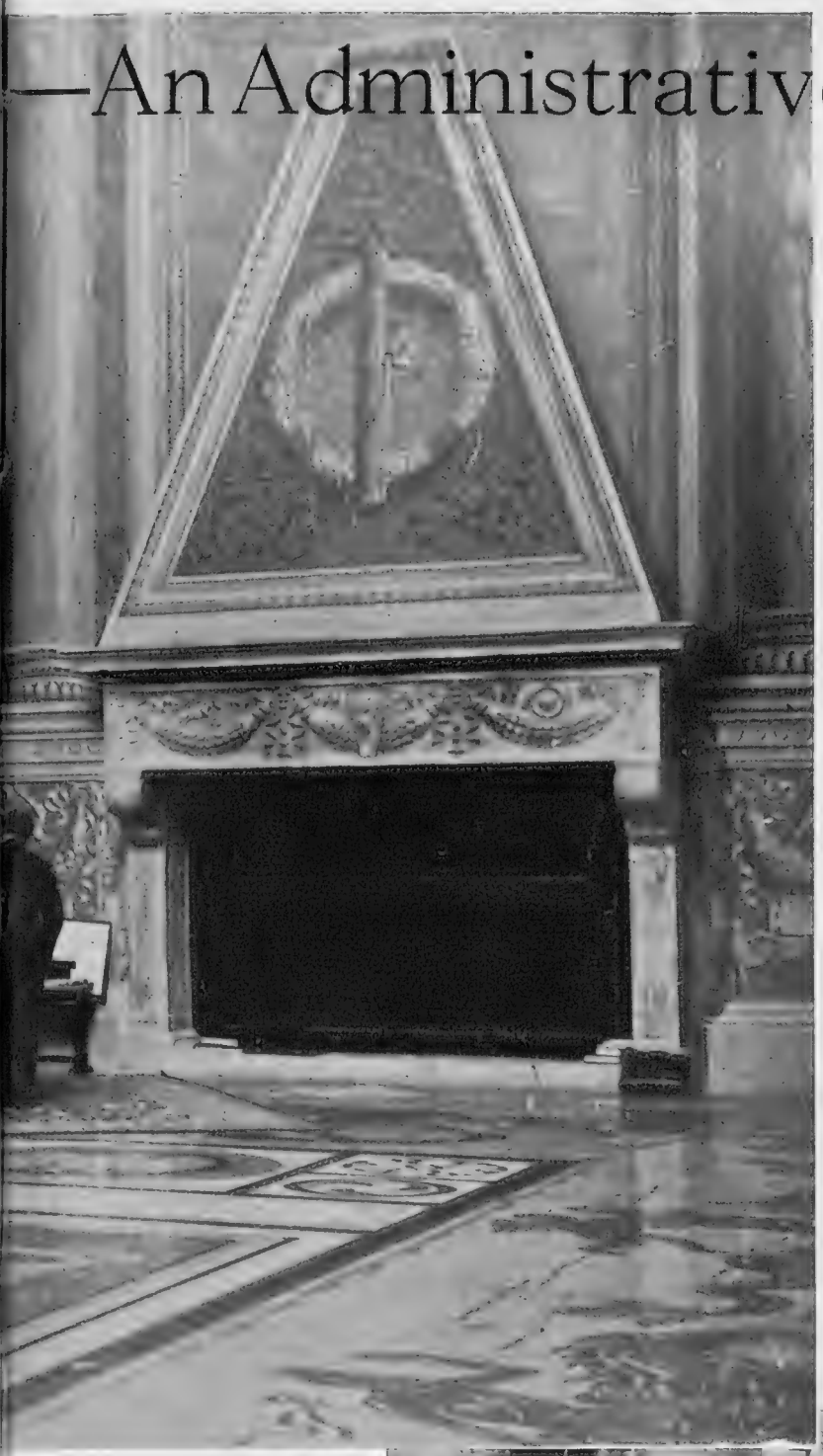
And what else, this glorious Year X, which so few without Italy ever thought would eventuate? For three days the whole country shall be in commanded and spectacular fête! The parks of Naples, new buildings, monuments, factories, bridges, viaducts, roads, the official inauguration of all and everything has been reserved for this anniversary. Ships shall be launched; popular excursion trains shall show Piedmont to Calabria and vice versa for a bagatelle—major and recent idea of the Duce's to shake up the whole of Italy in an excursion cocktail—and 50,000 shall march on Rome; and the entire Fascist Militia of near 350,000 shall parade and shout their glee and wave their muskets; and nearly 2,000,000 little balillas and taller avanguardisti shall follow suit (the first with baby muskets, the second with real m.-g.'s); and *Giovinezza* shall be bawled through the land; and the Press, that orchestra to the maestro's violin (as once he said), shall splurge the glory of the past and the burning aspiration, nay, certitude of the next decade. I have here a sequence of "invitations" to the Press for July. Editors are "invited" to stress that Gorguloff said all his sympathies were with the Socialists, and they are "invited" not to feature thin women, or to boost foreign watering-places, or to write about the fly plague and the crop damage, but to stress the Hitler success and to point out that the chief rôle in manœuvres will be the Navy's, not the Air Force's. This ex-editor edits his country—one can see him, blue pencil in hand, skimming the papers. But on with achievement——

Von Papen is trying to do now what Primo wrecked himself over, and which made the wise Mussolini from the start: govern as if the Constitution had not been scrapped. I was in Rome when the first Fascist Parliament was elected, and what a farce it was, but there it still is, or identical. An elected Chamber, a talkie-house, wherein even occasional challenge is required of deputies. Unlike the Soviet's terrific parting with everything of the past, Mussolini, after-comer of Lenin, takes all the best Soviet social schemes and applies them as best he can in a poor country, but he also retains several basic institutions from another day. For him (officially) the Pope does not dole out opium to the masses; for him, the House of Savoy is good stuff; for him, the nobility, while bled as in England, shall be respected; for him, divorce and carnal levity are utterly

—An Administrative Buonaparte—Or?

A Review of, and an Inquiry Into, the Present Phase of the Life Story of Il Duce

By FERDINAND TUOHY



whole peninsula has been governed

barred, the family being the mainstay and not to be disrupted. He takes the children all right, but all honour to the family. Intuition, knowledge of men and of the world bred up from a labourer's hire, have yielded in Italy the master-realist of modern times. A thousand men lie dead because of him—not much when one thinks of a morning on the Somme, before breakfast—he has interred personal liberty in so far as this means Tom, Dick, and Harry having a say in the running of things ("liberty is a putrescent corpse"), he has ordered that opponents must vanish, and has created prison or exile for thousands, and a complete espionage netting covers all, but he does see the world as it is. He has also considerably stopped Italians singing, ominous sign, and it would be a less hating, less hit Europe without him. In fact, one could tot up several things, yet there he stands: one more prodigious rarity of birth who forges history above our likes or dislikes, holdings or preferences.

The first decade has been especially used to engrave into the earth public works and buildings which shall perpetuate the régime as did the Forum Romanorum; one motors on arterial roads flanked by black stones that will enduringly tell the story, that kind of thing.

When you tell people to work on and keep quiet it is advisable to give them something in return. Mussolini has striven to give many things, if, in so doing, he has ever bound the individual more firmly to the State, socially and economically, while ignoring him politically. Nothing has been spared to improve the health and life of childhood, free holidays, doctors, meals, free most things from adolescence down to the cot. Only in adult life does one quit the clover in Italy. Even so, parents have been greatly released, and mothers-to-be are cared for as nowhere else, on the strength of the bachelors' tax. This is about the only joke that has come out of Fascist Italy. Ah, I forgot; the trains run punctually.

Setting the example himself with another bouncing boy, the leader has succeeded in increasing the population by over 2,500,000 in a country where the family has all too unfortunately resembled a C 3 litter. I see this week he is offering free houses to fathers who beget a dozen before they're thirty. Also, moving up the scale, that it is sometimes the practice, when women of the aristocracy are presented, for the number of their offspring to be tacked on. So: "Contessa Zbaglione, five children." Which clearly leaves room for a Bateman drawing of the Marchesa with *No* children. Yet this bambino business is no laughing matter. Italy is poor, crammed, ill-found, sealed up (from migration), desperately hard put to it, dependent on givings from others, as it is, already, or else upon conquest.

Why does this man do this thing, press on human overproduction? All history shows where it leads. Can Mussolini be looking to the collapse of this Europe, and to o'er-spreading frontier upon frontier, to colonizing Africa, with his babies of these present times? "We must expand or explode." Unceasingly, deliberately, he makes the necessity even more imperious. But when you ask him, he is all suave answer, "Babies enrich a nation." And, lo! 3,000,000 more are planned for during the second decade. This may be not only a first-class gamble with Italians but a subject of European import. One only hopes Italian mothers will hesitate to produce potential gas-fodder in the way demanded (births are already 50,000 down this year), for what a thin, miserable world would these teeming Italian kids grow up to did perambulators not win the next war but were God on the side of the biggest machines—or were there no war at all!

FROM THE PALACE WINDOWS the revered leader can look down on the passionate and impassioned plaudits of enthusiastic delegations

Sport in every form has been a gift from the gods, especially football. Schools have multiplied everywhere albeit education is stamped with Fascism to a laughable degree. Transport for the masses is greatly improved. A permanent offensive goes on against the cost of living, and it is hardly the Fascists' fault if it has not succeeded better, or if less and less pasta and polenta come on the plate. Through the Corporations and by giving priority work to those who need it most, the régime is wringing every ounce from a situation leaving it with a round million on a dole of a sort, and many more than a million doing but part time. In the Afterwork system Mussolini is the first to tackle the rapidly oncoming problem of the Leisure State. The popular trains are joyous stuff. Land reclamation and the battle of wheat have alike been noble efforts. And (the factory chimneys having failed him) the leader now plans the great settlement of the land. With nearly 80 per cent. of everything in Italy belonging to the State, such things can be envisaged.

But there certainly is a heavy debit side, putrescent liberty apart. The crucial position in regard to raw materials and food has not changed since 1922. The Fascist régime is thrice as costly to maintain as its constitutional predecessor—so it must always be with the Police State. The internal debt is mounting at the rate of £25,000,000 annually. The publicity-making public works burden the taxpayers cryingly. They even have to pay for such luxuries as the "Rex," brave new ship, but where and when the luxury passengers? It is contrary to the facts to say that economically and financially Fascism has been a success. It hasn't solved matters any more than parliamentary lands have done. Times have been impossible. The Militia, the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, plus the Police State, plus Eyewash, constitute a crippling burden which would hardly have oppressed a previous Italy.

However: Rome has again been placed on the map. Treaties have been made with half-a-dozen lands. Half Germany and Central Europe have caught the contagion of holding aloft the right hand and so has Sir Oswald. Respect has been won, and others are showing nascent cognizance of Italy's mandatory claims. A good many more roads lead nowadays to Rome than before anno I. Internally, an orderliness prevails, and if old Macaroni and his umbrella remain just the same in the backwoods, polish, dignity, restraint are in evidence in the show places. Though there never will be a Duce II, the régime has already left imprints which cannot fade.

Credere, Obbedire, Combattere. So, the motto, but the best definition I know is, "Fascism's what the Duce's now thinking."

Visualize him in his 100 ft. by 30 ft. study, hard-by the huge Victor Emmanuel memorial. Visited by the great of all lands (and few but pleasurably surprised), although himself has not trodden alien soil since Locarno. Nor does the north of Italy receive much more than cautious darts of visits, for Milan and Turin remain relatively cold, as one has noted.

He is fit now, the leader, rising at seven and retiring at eleven, with an hour for exercise and the rest routine or sudden descents. Everything on the spur of the moment, for safety's sake and to surprise people. No word ever creeps out of his private life, of where he dines or plays, if play he does. Such mondanités are rigidly barred, the legend being added to thereby. So far he has escaped the bullets of Miss G., of the lynched Bologna boy, and of the original Zaniboni (thirty years cell) who installed a sniper's post with special sight in a window facing the Chigi balcony. The leader has also come through the crisis of his career as dictator and which lasted from May to December, 1924, when it was touch and go after the unstomachable Matteotti murder.

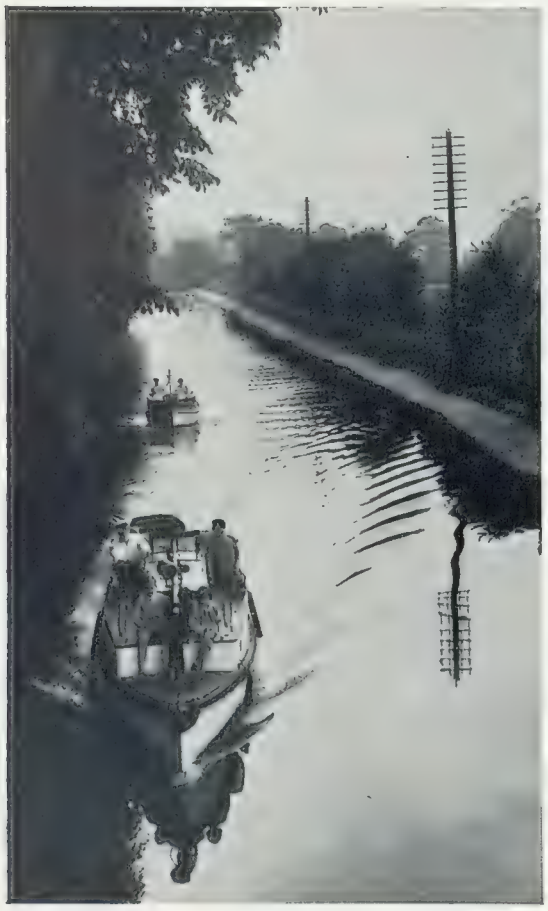
On the threshold of the second decade, which should bring him to sixty and certainly something drastic one way or the other to the edifice he has reared, the leader appears to some in the outer world as one of two things: either a would-be non-warmaking administrative Napoleon, such as Buonaparte fain would have been after Amiens, 1802, had we allowed him, or a patient deceiver whose readiness to disarm down to the last cartouche should others do likewise, if to-day a financial necessity, may none the less hold the arrière pensée, "just wait until they're no more strongly equipped than I!"

RESTORING THE CANALS OF ENGLAND

ANCIENT AND MODERN: The motor barge contrasted with the horse-drawn vehicle of the inland waterways—a picture taken on the Grand Union Canal which is devoting a million to modernizing its equipment

THE HAPPY FAMILY: A typical "Water Gipsy" *en famille*—a picture taken on a barge on the Regent's Canal

IN THE WEST COUNTRY: The elaborate flight of locks at Devizes. The largest canal lock in the United Kingdom is that at Eastham on the Manchester Ship Canal, which measures 600 ft. by 80 ft. The smallest are on the old Shropshire Canal and measure 70 ft. by 6 ft.



PLEASURE CRUISES on canals are the order of the day in this year of grace. This picture shows a vista on the Grand Union Canal at Rickmansworth, one of the loveliest spots in Hertfordshire

A CANAL TUNNEL: These are comparatively rare in Britain as their construction synchronizes with the virtual discontinuance of canal construction. In many tunnels construction is by "legging"

RECONSTRUCTION in progress on the Grand Union Canal. Deepening and strengthening systems are being inaugurated and carried out to-day by many railway-owned canals

The canals of Britain have taken on a new lease of life. A casual train journey will, as likely as not, bring to the eye the sight of dredgers hard at work on our inland waterways; the locks are being repaired; the whole system is in process of being reconditioned.

The last Royal Commission on Canal Transport, which outlined very extensive schemes for development at a cost of many million pounds, making a cross of canals from Liverpool to London and from Hull to the Severn, instead of producing the effect of encouraging the development of canals, had precisely opposite results. Modern conditions have, however, brought about a state of affairs which promises to resuscitate the canal as a useful and economic form of transport. The Grand Union Canal has a scheme of development in hand costing over a million pounds, which certainly disposes of any question that canal transport in their area cannot hold its own for a certain percentage of traffic against any other form of transport prevailing. In these schemes two essential problems have had to be faced—the dredging of canal beds and the question of erosion. Plans which have been drawn up and are now in operation involve a minimum depth of 5 ft. 6 in. for the canal system and these improvements will involve a great deal of dredging. For instance, within the past year 120,000 tons of dredgings were taken from the canal—a figure which gives some idea of the enormous porportions of this factor in the efficient working of inland waterways.

The difficulty of erosion is being overcome by the construction of walls of concrete in place of earth banks, which until recently were universal on inland waterways. The pictures reproduced illustrate what has been carried out in one part of the canal system, and the resulting improvement can be readily perceived.

It is also interesting to note that a contract which will employ 1,000 men for two years, amounting to approximately £350,000, has been placed. The contract involves the widening and reconstruction of the locks on the Warwick section of the canal. On completion of this contract, barges in pairs, one motor-driven and the other towed, carrying between them about 130 tons, will be able to pass anywhere along the canal from the Regent's Canal Dock, Limehouse, to Birmingham. Before the amalgamation of these canals the maximum limit of barges was 65 tons capacity, but owing to an effective dredging campaign being carried out, barges of 86 tons are now able to pass through from Brentford to Willesden on the Paddington arm of the canal and, when dredging is finally completed on this London section, barges of 100 tons will be able to pass through, resulting in the decrease in cost of goods transported.

Dealing in a brief way with canals owned by railways, the L.M. and S. lines are operating at the present time the largest number of canals in the country, including the Shropshire Union, 200 miles in length, Trent and Mersey, Lancaster (North End), Forth and Clyde, Huddersfield, Ashby, Manchester, Bolton and Bury, and the Kensington, below Battersea Bridge, a total mileage of 200.

The G.W.R. have also a large proportion of canals under their control. The most interesting from points of scenery, irrigation, drainage, and life generally is the Kennet and Avon Navigations. With a total length of 86½ miles, they comprise three distinct sections—namely, the portion of the river Avon between Hanham Lock (near Keynsham, Bristol) and the canal at Bath, a distance of 11 miles; the Kennet and Avon canal, traversing the distance of 57 miles from Bath to Newbury, and the River Kennet Navigation from the canal at Newbury to the river Thames at Reading, 18½ miles. By means of the lower portion of the river Avon from Hanham Lock to Avonmouth, which is under the control of the Corporation of Bristol, a through waterway is afforded between the Bristol Channel on the one hand and London, via the Thames, on the other.

Unlike many waterways which have lapsed into a derelict condition, in some cases being abandoned—examples of which are the neighbouring Wilts and Berks and Somersetshire coal canals—the Kennet and Avon as a through navigation is being maintained as an efficient channel available throughout for traffic. It is to be noted, however, that while the through navigation has hitherto failed of its original conception as a high-way of traffic, there seems to be a growing tendency to use it for pleasure, several applications having recently been made to the company to allow of the passage of pleasure and motor-boats over considerable sections, as many attractive spots are to be found along its banks.

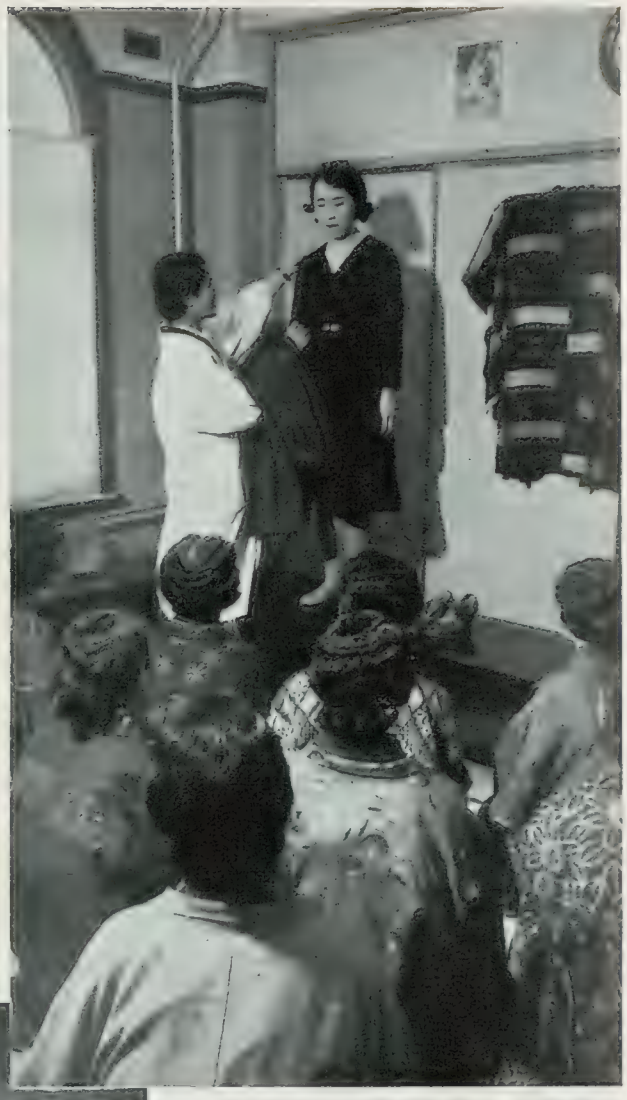
Steam haulage is at present largely used on all ship canals, such as the Manchester Ship Canal, the Gloucester and Berkeley Ship Canal, and the Exeter Ship Canal. Steamers have a great advantage over horse-hauled boats as they are able continuously to travel day and night to their destination when provided with two crews.

F. G. B.

WOMEN OF NIPPON

IN GALA DRESS: This complicated costume cannot be donned without help; *friseurs* are employed, one to coiffe the hair and one to put on the costume

THE NATIVE DRESS OF OLD JAPAN is still the rule rather than the exception. The scholars at the *Friseur* School wear it—and sandals



THE EUROPEAN MODE of hairdressing is taught in the *Friseur* School during stated hours in addition to the old mode

THE KNOT, which forms the basis of the Japanese coiffure, is bound so tightly that most women have a bald spot

THE FINISHED PRODUCT: The Japanese lady of the old style seen at home full length and close-up. The elaborate coiffure is bad for the hair, for most women have a bad bald spot after a few years. Waved or wavy hair cannot be coiffed in this fashion—the Japanese hair is absolutely straight—so that "perming" establishments have sprung up

THE COIFFURE of old Japan involves much oil, five to seven false switches, black paper packing, a wire support and paper strips to bind up the various knots

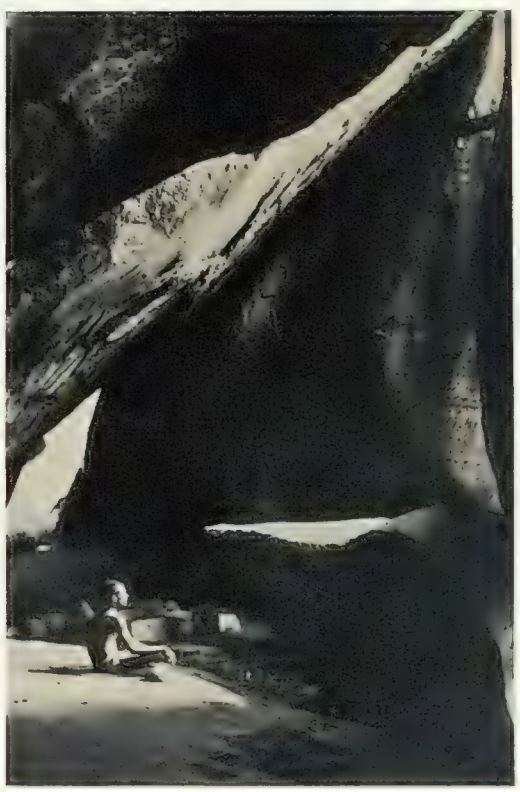
PEDAL SMARTNESS in old Japan was limited to the unstockinged foot in a simple sandal

WAVING is employed by the Westernized Japanese, but they do not have the hair cut in case they wish to revert to the old style of coiffure

The old mode of Japanese coiffure demands absolutely flat, uncurled hair. For the natural Japanese style of hairdressing waved hair is impossible; indeed, is considered ungraceful and not at all attractive. The manner of the coiffure upbuilding is responsible for this. But the advance of Western fashions embraces more and more the ladies of urban Japan, and European hairdressers are opening up establishments where the straight black hair of the Japanese beauties is waved and curled in manner suitable to the imported dress fashions, which are rapidly gaining ground. Yet despite these new ideas, 90 per cent. of the ladies of Nippon still adhere to the old intricate *friseur*, though the streets of Tokio reveal a large proportion of European dressers.

IN THE PLACE OF BUDDHA: In this small open space in the midst of the great ruins in ultimate India—ruins caused by some cataclysm of the earth—sits a fakir who for many years has remained night and day in the place of Gautama

THE PRIEST OF BLOOD: A flashlight picture of the high priest at the sacrificial ceremony. The priest stands before the image of his god in an underground temple



A SACRIFICIAL ALTAR in one of the largest troglodyte caves is to be discerned in the flattened stone in the foreground. It is probable it was once used for human sacrifice

THE RELICS OF AN EARTHQUAKE in the farthest part of South India form a troglodyte settlement of caves and hollows in which devout fakirs drag out their existence on earth

THE COMPLETION OF THE BLOOD-RITE: The high priest, who has sacrificed probably a goat the night before, completes the rites in the sun of the following day

BLOOD SACRIFICE in MODERN INDIA

The religious history of India is very peculiar. When the ancient Aryans conquered India, they brought with them a very highly developed monotheistic cult akin in form to the Trinity: Brahma, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; Siva, the Destroyer. When Gautama, the King's son, who later became known as Buddha, the Enlightened One, appeared, the bloody altars of Siva, Kali, and the many gods which followed them were overthrown and the pure doctrine of Buddha was preached in their stead.

The Aryan conquerors who, under the name of Brahmans, had ruled the people for thousands of years, began to lose their influence, and, in consequence, to regain it, appealed to the lowest human instincts by creating a religion of obscenity and blood. The god of the great masses to-day is Siva and his ferocious spouse, Kali, the protectress of the murder sect known as Thuggee, which was stamped out only a few decades ago with inflexible energy by the English. The temples became hotbeds of eroticism; even to-day they swarm with Dewadasi, the Bayaderas or temple dancers, who are nothing more than prostitutes.

The architecture of the temples, and especially that of the so-called Halls of a Thousand Pillars which frequently afforded a lodging to pilgrims, became the most obscene thing ever created by the brush or the chisel of man. Little wonder then that the perverted lure of scenes of bloody sacrifice was pressed into the service of the cult. Even to-day, in the India of Gandhi, the blood of sacrificed animals reeks on a thousand altars, and it is extremely doubtful whether General Sleemann has, during the past few decades, been so successful in completely eradicating it, as is generally assumed to be the case, the more so when we repeatedly read in Indian newspapers of court proceedings regarding "Suttee."

The ceremonies in the blood sacrifice naturally vary considerably according to the particular part of the country. A blood sacrifice which I myself witnessed—a very rare occurrence—was as follows: The hideous image of the god in question, which bore a local name, was clothed in a dark red cloak edged with gold. The priest, who wore merely a loin cloth, offered incense and swung a lamp in which coconut oil was burning, in different directions in front of the image, at the same time ringing a strange kind of bell, the handle of which represented the Ape God, Hanuman, which is worshipped by the people.

He then ascended from the dark, underground temple to the level of the ground, where a primitive altar, obviously centuries old, was raised. An assistant led forward a goat, the forehead of which was daubed with red paint. With a curved sacrificial knife the priest made a circular incision round the neck of the animal, a crack, and the cervical vertebra snapped; holding the goat's head in his hand, he raised it with a gesture of supplication towards the rough-hewn stone images of the gods standing before him. A second cut was made round the left foreleg, and the latter also parted from the body. The next moment the head was lying on the sacrificial stone with the leg held in the mouth, while the priest again descended to the depths to continue his rites.

In this instance no sprinkling of the figures of the gods with the warm blood, as reported by other observers, took place. It may be that the priest, made nervous by the presence of a European, a "feringhi," of course, omitted it.

The former religious sect of assassins, known as the Thugs, generally killed without shedding blood with the aid of the "Phansi," the noose, or the "Dewi," which consisted of a black silk cloth. It was only in the temple that the human victims were really slaughtered, being killed with the sacred pole-axe of Kali. According to the reports of the Commissions appointed to exterminate the Thugs, death was also frequently brought about by cutting out the heart, which was, of course, also practised by the ancient Aztecs. How long it will take before blood sacrifices in India cease, not even those who know the country can say, because there is nothing more deeply rooted in the human mind than religious conceptions. A basis for such a change would, above all, be a thorough and effective education of the people, but not a state of semi-education such as that in which, even to-day, the upper classes of India live.

How difficult it would be to bring about such a fundamental change in the cult is illustrated by the example of the Bayaderas. A number of educated Hindus recently banded themselves together with the object of driving these prostitutes from the temples, but without success. The great mass of the people declared in favour of retaining these Dewadasi, and their dances which they held to be an indispensable part of the cult. The people will, therefore, be even less ready to abandon the bloody spectacles to which they have so long been accustomed.

H. K. H.

THE GREAT DAY of the DOGS

Before a big race in the Greyhound World trainers of greyhounds are for a month on their tiptoes. The favourites are as watchfully protected and trained as racehorses, trials and tests have been carried out with as much secrecy as possible, reports and rumours have flown through dogland, just as the stories of horses find currency before a big racing event. Everyone is keyed up—and then a few minutes will dash everything, or raise the spirits of owner and trainer to bursting point.

The greyhounds are never allowed to drink water. They may on especial occasions have a little cold tea, but that is all, otherwise the drink prohibition is enforced with far greater strictness than appears to be possible in the U.S.A. A dog's life it may be for the racing greyhounds, but it is a happy dog's life, full of sport and good food, rigorous health rules and comfortable quarters.

Reveille sounds early, but not for parade, though the dogs turn out into the paddock for a run about before breakfast. It is rather strange that the racing dogs are perfectly happy and friendly amongst themselves, but they resent the intrusion of animals of other race. Woe betide the strange canine who inadvertently or from inquisitiveness roams into the paddock: he has a bad quarter-of-an-hour if he is not quickly rescued.

Breakfast is a simple meal as are also the doggy dinner and supper, for the food is mainly of roasted wheaten bread swamped with thick gravy made from the best meat cooked with any fresh vegetables that are going—carrots, onions, potatoes, etc. The cooking is scrupulously organized—only the best will do for this canine nobility. They get little meat, and what comes their way is minced and cooked. Occasionally on the day of a race they may have a spoonful of raw minced steak of the first quality, and otherwise a bone is offered.

If anyone has the slightest fear that the life of the racing greyhound is anything but what a happy dog's life should be, he should visit kennels like those of Walton-on-Thames or Wembley, and if he has any doubts of the racing organization itself, an hour behind the scenes at Wimbledon or Wembley on a race day will turn his doubts into firm respect.

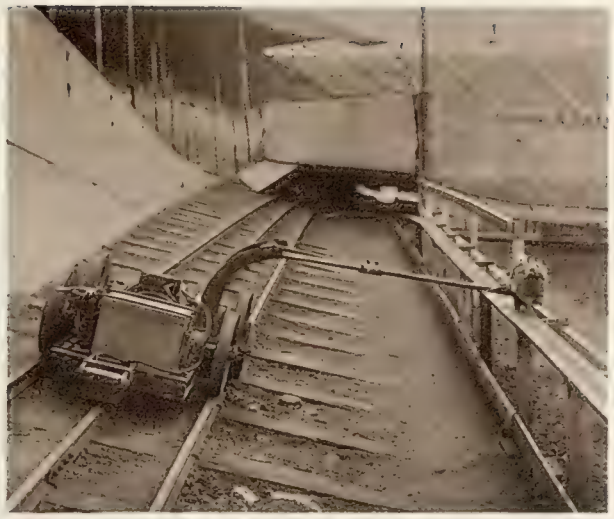
When a dog has passed his inspection trials his identity book and registration card are completed. Already application has been made for registration with the National Greyhound Racing Club, which is to dog racing what the Jockey Club is to horse racing. On the form all particulars are set down, every spot and marking from head to foot is detailed, even to the toe-nails, and when these points are verified to the satisfaction of the authorities the owner receives the certificate which is the dog's identity book and passport.

On the day of the race great precautions are taken. At Wembley, for example, the kennels are cut off behind a high wire fence and no one is admitted without a *laissez passer* from the authorities. The dogs arrive early and each one is inspected; it is measured for length, height, girth, tail, and the figures are checked with the passport details, its markings are noted, and its toe-nails examined. Having passed this scrutiny it may go to the kennels, where the lads watch over its welfare like so many nurses attending to children, but perhaps with a greater appreciation of the importance of their charges. No stranger may come near. Everybody is challenged and there is nothing permitted which might disturb or upset the dogs. Not that they are nervous—quite the reverse; they seem very happy and carefree and ready to make friends or join in a romp.

Towards evening, before racing starts, another inspection takes place; each dog must pass the official veterinary surgeon, is weighed (a 2 lb. variation may be suspect), and checked once more as to measurements and markings. Then, if all is in order, it may race, but if there is the slightest discrepancy or any doubt whatever of its fitness, then it must be withdrawn. Thus are the game and the public protected. The dog's races are also entered in the passport, so that at any time a complete history is available.

Trainers of greyhounds must possess a very full knowledge of dogs, and the "boys," too, must know what they are doing. Apart from this they have a fairly good time. Of course, they have to teach the dogs many things: to follow the dummy hare, for instance, and they must exercise them and know all about their food. Massage and rubbing down are systematically done, and after a race the dog's pads are always carefully washed in disinfectant. The feet are also washed after a run on the road. On the day of the race the dogs are sent to the course in a special motor coach, the "boys" in attendance, and from that moment vigilant care is demanded. But when the racing is over, the dogs washed, fed, and put to rest at their club, where food and bed are provided at ridiculously low rates, the boys may relax and enjoy themselves.

THE CONTROL TOWER: One of the most important tasks during a race is the control of lighting and power and the regulation of the "hare's" speed



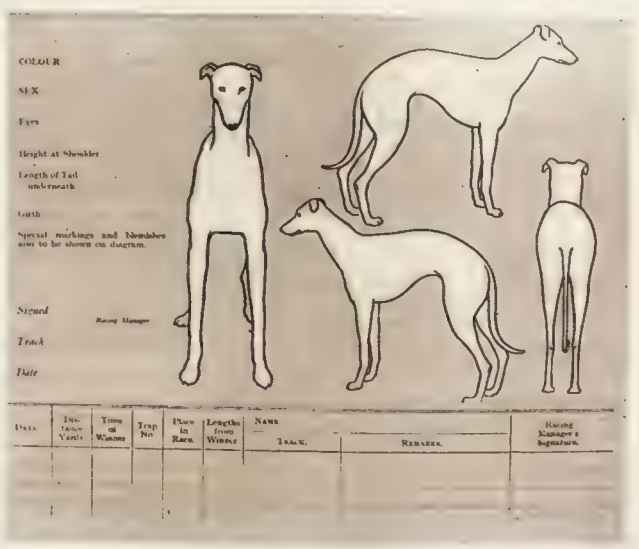
THE QUARRY: The trolley by which the "hare" is controlled weighs no less than a ton and a half. The speed of the "hare" round the track is controlled by the observer seen on left, who has the whole track within his vision

CANINE REGULATION: When a dog is brought to the track on race day it is inspected and identified with its record. These records define its height, weight, length, markings, and—as dogs have no paw-prints—its toe-nails!

VETTING: Before the race every dog is rigorously inspected by the veterinary surgeon on the course, and if there is any doubt of its fitness it is withdrawn from the event. The dog's identity is again checked with its "passport"

PROHIBITION: On race days entry to the kennels is at a premium. The strictest control is exercised and no one is allowed to pass the wired enclosure without an official permit. In the evening the control is even stricter

RECORD HOLDERS: Seldon Ted (red fawn) who held the 1931 700 yards record at Wembley, and Frontier Star (brindle) who won the Harringay Hurdles first time out with their trainer, J. Harrafin



A CANINE PASSPORT: In addition to the markings which are indicated on the diagrams, and the filling up of the details required—colour, sex, eyes, height, length of tail, girth, and performance record—the twenty toe-nails are also recorded on a separate form attached as a counterfoil on the left of this form

d

HERRING HARVEST

AMAZONS OF THE SHORE: Some of the 3,000 odd Scottish girls, each of whom can "gut" about forty fish a minute, arrive on their southward trek at Great Yarmouth to deal with the East Coast catch

BONNIE JEAN, one of the expert Scottish fisher-girls who follow the fishing fleets southward as the herring schools seek warmer waters. Her hands are smothered in scales from the fish she guts at amazing speed

FALCONRY AT SCHOOL: The old English sport is now enjoying a recrudescence to such an extent that Mr. Philip Glasier, a scholar of Down House, near Rottingdean, has formed a schoolboys' falconry club with daily exercises and bi-weekly hunts organized against the farmers' pests—crows, rabbits, and magpies. Mr. Glasier is seen above demonstrating how to hold a falcon for release

CHRISTMAS CASTS ITS SHADOW over this large consignment of the 4,000 birds paraded at the famous Attleborough Turkey Fair, where they were purchased by fatteners for the Christmas season. This group is seen on the road to entrain for Eastleigh, 200 miles away from the Norfolk town

ORDEAL IN A GALE: The steamer, *St. Ola*, the North of Scotland Shipping Company's Orkney and Shetland passenger vessel, attempts to enter Aberdeen Harbour in a welter of foam and spray during the heavy gale and mountainous seas of a few days ago

IN LONDON TO-DAY

THE ADVANCE TO VICTORY: The Canadian War Memorial in profile. The conception of the design is here seen in all its greatness and simplicity. The upper figure holds the laurels of victory with which to crown the surge of soldiers

THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIAL: A detail in bronze of the superb war memorial ultimately destined for Ottawa but now on exhibition in Hyde Park. It has been designed and executed by five members of the family of March—all brothers — of Farnborough, Kent. The "movement" in the bronze is remarkable

GAME OF THE EMPIRE: An astonishing taxidermic triumph now on view in the new "Whale Room" at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. The striped beast in the foreground has the same narrow markings as the striped bongo, a specimen *(inset)* has just been captured alive in Kenya. The species is the rarest and the third largest of the antelopes, and lives in densely wooded country 9,000 ft. above sea level

TRAFFIC CONGESTION IN THE PARK! The autumn sunshine of October has attracted great crowds of children and their mothers and nurses to London's green spaces, so that "pram policemen" seem almost necessary!

HOUNDS BAY AND HORNS BLOW

The chief feature of the Season of 1932–33 is the promised return to the hunting field of the Prince of Wales. True, it means more to the Quorn than to the Belvoir, Cottesmore, and Fernie, and more to Leicestershire and Melton Mowbray than to the rest of the hunts put together. The fact remains that the Prince of Wales will occasionally, at least, put away his golf clubs and take part in the grandest sport of all. The result will be that a number of fashionable people will follow his example who might otherwise have stayed away. Altogether, there are 401 packs listed in the hunting year-book, but of these only 219 are foxhounds, including thirty-six in Ireland and Scotland. Nor can one be sure that all of them will turn out this year. Masters of foxhounds are increasingly hard to find. They may receive £3,500 a year (many of them get less than half of this), but they will spend another £2,000 out of their own pockets. The Quorn are particularly lucky this year in securing, in place of Major Burnaby, Sir Harold Nutting as Master. Rich men who have a great knowledge of hunting are scarce, and the wire fund alone costs the hunt £2,000 a year.

The general prospects of the coming Season are that foxes are plentiful, subscriptions are fewer and smaller, Americans are conspicuous by their absence, hunters and forage are cheaper, going is good, and above all, there is less wire. Too much wire is the curse of good hunting, and large sums of money have to be paid locally to prevent its increased use. "No names no pack drill," and so I will not give away the first-class hunt whose annual report lies in front of me as I write, and whose hedge-cutting and wire fund alone totalled £843 last year. But its accounts make uncommonly interesting reading:

EXPENDITURE.	1930–31 £ s. d.	1931–32 £ s. d.
To kennels account:		
Repairs - -	70 2 10	186 2 4
Rates, taxes, and insurance - -	113 13 1	112 12 7
To covert account:		
Fencing and repairs	82 17 11	61 17 2
Rent, rates, and taxes	225 7 0	219 11 5
To Master's account -	4,000 0 0	3,500 0 0
To deposit account -	500 0 0	
To printing and advertising - - -	25 4 4	26 1 8
To postages and petty cash - - - -	17 7 11	18 1 1
To subscriptions to shows	10 0 0	8 1 0
To secretary and clerical assistance - - -	515 0 0	525 0 0
To audit fee - - -	3 3 0	3 3 0
To Hunt Servants' Benefit Society - -	31 13 9	23 13 3
To Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution	31 13 9	23 13 0
To Earl Haig's Fund -	31 10 0	
To cheque books - -	5 0 0	2 10 0
To poultry and general claims - - -	412 16 6	359 7 3
To earth stopping -	168 7 4	149 1 0
To cheques cancelled in error, 1930–31, since presented and paid -	—	6 0 0
To incidental expenses -	—	7 2 0
	£6,243 17 5	£5,231 16 9

You see that the Master has to be content with £500 a year less. On the receipt side you find that the subscriptions were £5,260 in 1931–32 compared with £6,277; that arrears of subscriptions have increased from £50 to £215, and that by contrast "capping" brought in £325 instead of £240. This last item is extremely significant and is likely to be still more significant in the coming Season. Strangers may hunt with any pack at the cost of £3 for "capping"—in other words, permission to follow hounds. But they are not allowed to do it more than three times or so with any individual hunt. (This rule is elastic. In some cases the "cap" is more and the stranger may hunt five times in the Season.) The increase in the amount of capping means that fewer people were able to afford to hunt regularly last year and one presumes that this tendency will become still more marked.

Let us take any young man who wishes to hunt regularly this coming Season beginning in the first week of November. Here is his budget, allowing for his having only a couple of horses. His man will cost 50s. a week and his horses 40s. a week to feed. Two boxes and a saddle room will cost him another 15s. a week. His hunt subscription (if he goes with any of the leading packs) will be at the rate of 30s. or £2 a week, paid as a lump sum of between £30 and £50 for a season of five months. He must get to and from the neighbourhood of the hunt. He must spend at least £3 for his week-end expenses at a near-by hotel from Friday night to Sunday night. Mind you, this is doing it as cheaply as he can, unless he is lucky enough to be put up by friends and possesses a motor-car that saves him the rail fare. Even then it amounts to something over £200 in running expenses. The initial outlay is going to be very much more. Allowing for the fact that he is neither a millionaire nor so magnificent a rider that he can get to the top of the field on a £30 screw, he will probably spend £160 on his two horses. They will both have a couple of "ifs," of course, at that price. But the young man will presumably be wise enough to prefer a class animal with a slight whistle or fired hocks or a tendency to pull rather than a safe, worthy hunter which may cost him £150 and is nearly always a horror.

We next come to his hunting kit. His pink coat will cost £15 and his black coat £10. His two pairs of boots will cost 10 guineas each, his three pairs of breeches an average of 4 guineas each, his crop will cost £2 like his hat, his three pairs of under-drawers will aggregate £4 10s., his two saddles will cost £7 each, and then there are the bridles, martingales, rugs, head collars, exercising snaffles, and cleaning gear, which will total another £10. On top of that he must contribute £2 a horse or more to the hedge-cutting and wire fund. He may feel it necessary to send a cheque of a pound or two to the huntsman as a Christmas box each year. On top of all that he has dozens of incidentals that cannot be put down seriatim, and yet mount to a formidable total—drinks, horse-boxes, petrol, and so on.

Despite all that, hunting is said to be in a very healthy state this Season, and is likely to cost less than ever before. The absence of the Americans automatically means that the price of hunters will drop considerably. Good hunters, particularly those that are good enough for point-to-points, will still fetch their 300 guineas. But without rich visitors, they are not likely to soar up past the £400 mark. I believe that the record price paid at auction for a hunter was £1,000, paid by Major Tommy Bouch. But that was a mistake. He sent a man to buy him a particular hunter "whatever it costs," and some other agent had received similar orders.

THE OLD BERKELEY: The hounds move off to draw after the meet at Latimer House

THE HON. MRS. FRED CRIPPS is one of the finest huntswomen in the whole country

SIR HAROLD WERNHER, who stone, of the Fernie. It is that the hunt has risen again the lorry and its on the day after a run. its occasional outbre

This absence of the Americans, like the Marshall Fields, for example, is a serious business. In these hard times it takes very few absentees normally paying £175 or £200 a year to make a hunt insolvent. Outside Leicestershire the average subscription to a first-class hunt is about £40. The Meltonian average is much higher. The reason is not far to seek. It is the best hunting country—the ten miles round Melton Mowbray—in the world. The Grafton and Pytchley and the Galway Blazers may claim that their jumps are bigger. But it is hard to imagine anything grander than the Tuesday country of the Cottesmore. Huge enclosures and big rolling meadows make it exacting for the heavyweight, but it is really lordly country for the others as they sail down the huge fields round Owston and Prior's Coppice. Thursday is rather an off day for them, though they may be lucky round Cottesmore itself, and most people who are not at the Embassy's extension night in London will make the long trek to the Fernie country round Rolleston and Shangton Holt.

On Saturdays this year Meltonians will be able to hunt either with the Quorn at the Prince's special request or with the Cottesmore alternatively with the Belvoir, round Sherbrooks in the Belvoir Vale itself, where there is

What of the Hunting Field in Merrie England These Days?

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE MASTER OF THE QUORN: Sir Harold Nutting who has succeeded Major Burnaby

nt Master, with Mr. Edmon- ely to their lavish generosity ularity so greatly. This year n will be out to fill up gaps nie has triumphantly survived foot and mouth

THE WEST KENT: The pack and field leaving Penshurst for the first covert

no other covert for miles around, and a wonderful ride is ensured. For the other days in the week the Meltonians look to that absolute paradise of wild sporting country round Six Hills with the Quorn on Monday, to the same hunt's Friday country round Gaddsby Spinney, Baggrave, and Barkley Holt, where the fences are so beautifully laid that they can be taken fifty abreast, and finally to the Belvoir's Wednesday country round Waltham, and very good country it is, with famous names like Melton Spinney and Sproxton Thorns.

Meltonians are always somewhat on the defensive when the subject of what it costs to hunt in their country crops up. The fact remains that you have to have a first-class hunter if you are going to "live" with them at all in the big pastures, and first-class hunters are still very expensive. The average Meltonian will probably have four or five horses, and he may have a dozen or more. Even with forage so much cheaper than it used to be, it costs £1 a week to feed each horse, and in addition you must pay your head man £3 10s. or £4 a week; with another 38s. for the second horseman.

Houses this Season in the Melton area are plentiful but unpleasant. It is extraordinary how few are the small convenient ones. The majority are large, cold, and uncomfortable. At least, though, their prices have dropped very considerably both there and everywhere. It was easy to get 20 guineas a week for a decent house in the Grafton country, and more in proportion round Melton. This Season it is easy to lease a house for £250 for the six months outside Leicestershire, and for £300 in the cream of the hunting country. Optimists say that the Quorn and other leading hunts will still have their fields of 400 on good days. That remains to be seen. But it is certain that Major Hubbersty will prove himself the best man to hounds with the Quorn; and that Major Jack Harrison, who has a wonderful eye for a fox, will be the best of the heavy-weights; and that Lady Kathleen Rollo, who is riding the Marshall Field's hunters, and Mrs. Fred Cripps, will be the best of the women. The Kellets will be there too. On the other hand, Mrs. Rosemary Baillie will not be so much in evidence as she has gone to the Meynell. With the Belvoir General George Paynter will have a great go at it once again, and Mr. and Mrs. Toby Greenall expect to hunt regularly. Once again the Cottesmore will be graced by Sir Raymond Green, though the former Miss Lexie Wilson will be out of it this Season, and the absence of the Strawbridges will be very much felt.

As to the horse dealers, Leicestershire would not be Leicestershire without old Sam Haines, the brothers Young, and Harry Beeby. The huntsmen, as far as I can gather, are all the same as last year. This is just as well, for it is always a matter of most anxious consideration for a Master to change his huntsman. One thing is certain, the Pytchley are delighted with Barker, the successor to Frank Freeman, who was brought over from the Middleton hounds last year and proved a screaming success. Another rising star, if he has not risen already, is Will Pope, the huntsman of the Grafton. He possesses what has been described as a thoughtful but ruthlessly efficient style of tracking his hunted fox to its doom like the Olympian solution of some abstruse mathematical problem. Pope is out all right this year, and so is Will Boddington of the Whaddon. This is always good news for the Londoner. The Whaddon is the nearest to London, and though it gets so waterlogged by Christmas that it is almost unrideable in the new year, there is very little wire, and you can go down on the 9.15 train on Saturday morning to Leighton Buzzard, have your day's hunting, and get back home in time for dinner.

Cox of the Warwickshire will once again be proving what an ingenious guesser he is. He has shown very good sport for two years now, which was just as well, for the hunt was rather going downhill despite the fact that it is dairy country and consequently there is little wire. Hunts, indeed, are rather like public schools. The leading ones remain in front, but the second flight vary. The Fernie are now right up into the top class. They are fortunate in having two very rich Masters—Sir Harold Wernher and Mr. Edmonstone, who will be out with them again this year, and once more will have that lorry and two men ready to fill the gaps in the hedges on the very next day. Yes, the Fernie has had a marvellous success for the last two or three years, despite occasional outbreaks of foot and mouth, and they are expected to have it again.

The Duke's, as the Duke of Beaufort's hounds are called, should also show very good sport this Season. They are lucky in having a real philanthropist behind them in the person of Mr. H. C. Cox of Twatley Manor. Mr. Cox is a Canadian in the insurance business, but he is a great sportsman, and when the hunt was metaphorically "up the spout," he joined the Duke as joint Master and put everything straight financially, but keeping in the background himself. The Master is always the Duke, and subscriptions have been put up to almost prohibitive prices for non-residents, but then they hunt six days a week.

Last year the Pytchley's subscription for one day's hunting a week was put up from £35 to £40, but there was such an outcry that it was actually put down to £30, where it remains this Season, with the other subscriptions in proportion. Like other hunts, it suffers a certain amount of blackmail from the farmers, though on the whole they are a sporting lot.

A farmer can so easily come along and say, "I don't want you over my fields," and add that the hunt must make good the loss of his poultry—and who is to check that? One member of this hunt tells me that last Season when she was out between the Pytchley and Fernie country, a man with a gun told her point-blank that she was not to go over his land. And, after all, you cannot altogether blame them sometimes. Three hundred people galloping like blazes over pasture land are liable to leave a considerable number of large black holes on the grass if the weather has been wet. Then again, it can be no fun to have your cattle let out into the road, or to have your sheep disturbed in the lambing season. All over the country there has been a growing habit of carelessness among hunting people, and more than one Master has issued printed requests asking members to caution their servants on no account to jump fences; to shut gates after them; and to assist the farmers in putting back stock which may have got out.

On the whole, though, the farmers are extremely sporting chaps, as it is to be hoped that they will continue. Handling them is the delicate business of the Master, who can no longer afford to lose his temper with anybody and everybody as did the great Lord Willoughby de Broke, the grandfather of the present peer. On one occasion he loudly cursed Bay Middleton who was piloting the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, and had unavoidably delayed the hunt for forty minutes because he had been compelled to wait for her to be sewn into her habit. Lord Willoughby swore deliberately in the hearing of the Empress, what is more. No, the Master to-day must be a model of tact. Farmers need an increasing amount of coaxing, not to mention compensation, and the rising generation is more interested in motor bicycles than hunters.

I have not the space to mention the prospects of the other leading hunts—the Bicester (with that good huntsman Clarence Johnson), the Meynell, the V.W.H. (Cricklade) of which Colonel Maurice Kingscote is Master, and who, despite the fact that he gets only £1,500 a year, turns out his hounds and hunt servants as smartly as if he were getting three times that amount. The York and Ainsty and the Sinnington and the Bramham Moor in the north all expect to have good fields, though in almost every instance hunt secretaries are finding that their followers are expecting to be out fewer days than before,

Speaking generally though, hunting is in a very cheerful state, despite what the pessimists may say. It is cheaper than it ever has been, and though the wire fund is going to be a source of worry financially to several hunts, the foxes of Great Britain are going to be hunted as hard as ever this season, and are expected to show better sport than ever.

The Cave of the Cumæan Sib

The Vergilian Text Fulfilled in Every Detail by t

At Cumæ, near Naples, rises Mount Cuma, and in this mountain has been discovered by Professor Maiuri the actual cavern of the Cumæan Sibyl who prophesied the foundation of Rome to Æneas The discovery is the triumphant culmination of four years' survey and exploration by the Professor, whose work at Pompeii and Herculaneum has already gained him fame.

The structure as now revealed tallies precisely not only with the description of the great epic poet of Augustan Rome, but with later writers of the fourth and sixth centuries prior to the collapse and loss of the entrance. This discovery has also conclusively proved that the subterranean basilica on the east side of Mount Cuma is not the true Cave of the Sibyl.

The inner sanctuary — second as an oracle of antiquity only to Delphi—was laid in a vault 39 ft. by 20 ft., by 20 ft. in height. Adjacent is an anteroom where the inquirers and pilgrims awaited their summons to the Tripods. A corridor runs from the inner sanctuary and is cut by a series of shafts which permit bands of light to enter, so that figures moving along it would seem to an onlooker to appear and disappear. Baths—proof of the Sibylline ablutionary ritual—have also been discovered.

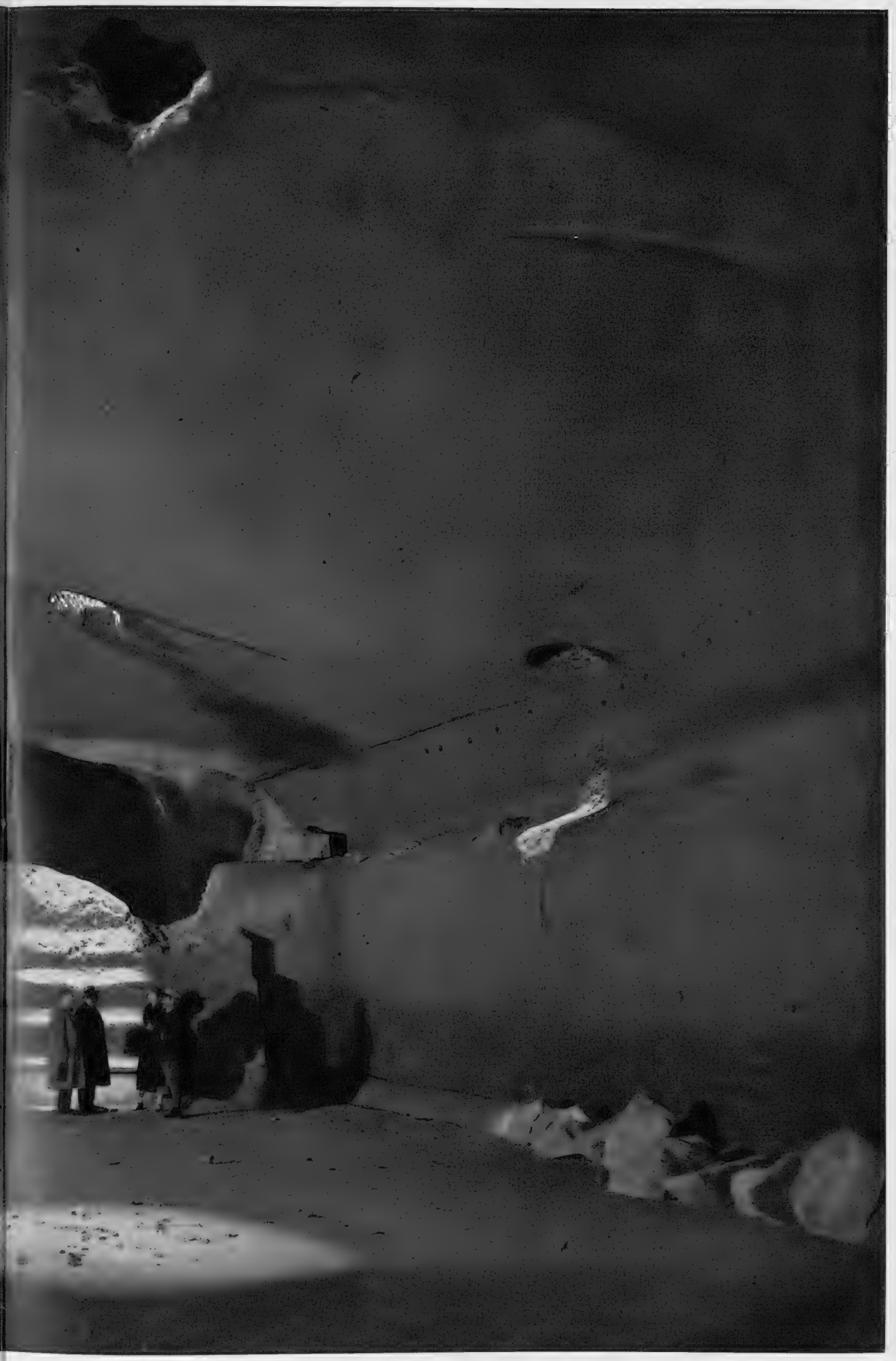
The actual discovery was made when Professor Maiuri was examining the upper "doors" of the hill. He found in a recess used as a wine-store a piece of stonework of obviously Greek craftsmanship. Almost secretly the great archæologist caused the wall to be cleared and excavation work to be inaugurated. Exploration with lanterns led to the network of chambers and the final revelation of the whole subterranean temple.

During the first persecutions of the Christians the cave of the pagan prophetess became a hiding place for those of the New Faith.

WHERE STOOD THE TRIPODS OF THE ORACLE : The cave of the Cumæan Sib
picure

byl Revealed After 2,500 Years

the Recent Discoveries in the Vicinity of Puteoli



Sibyl recorded by Mr. Charles d'Emery, President of the Publishers' Photographic Service, New York. It will be noted that this ure was taken at about high noon, for the shafts of sunlight fall vertically on to the floor of the corridor

The precise number of Sibyls — women who wrought the oracle and seeresses who prophesied under the supposed inspiration of a god, actually under the influence of inhaled drug — in the ancient world is unknown. Plato speaks of one, Pliny of three, Ælian of four, and Varro of ten, the last figure being the accepted one. The following places were inhabited by them: Persia, Libya, Delphi, Cumæ (in Italy, not the parent city in Asia Minor), Erythræa, Samos, Cumæ in Æolia, Marpessa on the Hellespont, Ancyra in Phrygia, and Tiburtis.

The Cumæan Sibyl was she of whom it is traditionally said that, asked by her lover, Apollo, what boon she would ask of him, begged to live one year for every grain of sand she held in her hand, but, like Tithonus, omitted to ask for perpetual youth. Apollo offered this gift as well, but the Sibyl refused it as the price of her chastity.

The Sibyl who enslaved Phœbus was, according to legend, 700 years old when Æneas came to Italy and had still 300 years to live. She it was who gave to the "pious" hero instructions as to how to find his father, Anchises, in Hades, and conducted him to those dread gates.

The Sibyl wrote her prophecies on leaves which were placed at the entrance of the cave and they had to be carefully collected by the questioners lest they should be disturbed and rendered incomprehensible by the wind.

It was the Cumæan Sibyl who offered Tarquin the Nine Sibylline Books at a fantastic figure; subsequently she returned to offer only six at the same price, three having been burned; again refused, she burned another trilogy, and ultimately sold the last three books only to the proud King for the price asked for the original nine. These volumes perished by fire in the days of Marius and Sulla.

BALLET AT SADLER'S WELLS: M. Anton Dolin and Mlle Alicia Markova in the ballet *Le Lac du Cygne*

PLAYS

By PHILIP PAGE

If we are a nation of shopkeepers—we are not, but the ancient tag bears re-quoting—a play about a shop should be acceptable fare. There have been plenty of such plays, from the antique flavour of "Quinneys" to the modernity of chatter in beauty parlours.

Miss Dodie Smith ("C. L. Anthony") has personal experience of the world of shops and, what is more important, a flair for creating real people and putting them into sentimental and effective situations. So sure is she of the technicalities of her subject matter in the case of *Service* (which is all about a famous departmental store) that I imagine she bore with equanimity the presence in the stalls at Wyndham's of no less a person than Mr. Selfridge himself on the first night.

I hasten to add that the analogy between Service's, the shop in the play, and the mighty establishment over which Mr. Selfridge reigns must not be applied too closely, for as the curtain rises Service's is shown to be decidedly "wonky."

I do not believe in "the romance of commerce," one of those high-sounding phrases suitable only for the more literary form of advertisement. Commerce should not be romantic but commercial. A big business either pays or it doesn't, and that is all there is to it.

But for stage purposes the subject will serve well enough if treated with skill. Miss Smith makes us all feel real regret when the slump comes and Service's has to cut down expenses and dismiss faithful workers. That is her skill. Her play lives because we are as anxious as any of those employés that the firm should survive the storm. Having been founded in 1732, Service's must not be allowed to founder in 1932.

Nor does it. For when things are looking blackest there is a slight increase in the sales, a customer providentially arrives from America desiring to furnish, not a four-roomed flat, but two mammoth liners, and all is obviously going to be well.

The drama provided is both commercial and domestic. The proprietor of a string of cheap and enormously flourishing shops wishes to buy up the famous old business at a tenth of its proper value. Gabriel Service, head of the firm, is stung into indignant refusal, and is backed up by his son and daughter who are thus converted from dronedom to drudgery in their desire to keep themselves and the firm as going concerns. His wife becomes a going concern in another sense, for she bolts with her lover before the break in the clouds comes.

This part is intended to be unsympathetic, but as I do not remember hearing, on or off the stage, a woman so insulted as this wife was by her step-daughter, I was rather sorry for her and considered that she had chosen wisely. Miss Joyce Kennedy, now being compelled to specialize at this theatre as Mr. Leslie Banks's unfaithful wife, bullied and lectured by Mr. Banks's young daughter, could bring experince to bear.

But the character is the only one in the play in which Miss Smith's drawing is not quite sure.

To find a play about, for the most part, people who run shops and work hard instead of about people who run a sort of frowsty Bohemianism. and substitute for work Tchekov-and-soda verbosity, was a profound relief.

Service is no masterpiece, but it is good theatre, good entertainment, and extraordinarily good craftsmanship. The play never ceases to be alive and even the minor characters hold our attention.

Mr. Banks himself had to spend much of his time scowling anxiously in his office and attempting to adjust business difficulties and family complications simultaneously. It is not a showy part and it was played just as it should be played.

Miss Ann Todd, refreshing and youthful, spat venom at her step-mother with attractive cattiness. Mr. J. H. Roberts, as a meek and middle-aged Service-ite who is not crushed by the undeserved sack, Mr. Stafford Hilliard, Mr. Jack Hawkins, Mr. Alan Jeayes, and Mr. Townsend Whitling are among the many clever people who will be "in Service" for a long time.

"OH ME! OH WOE IS ME" The duet between Luiz (Mr. Casilda (Miss Rowena Ronald) in *The Gondoliers*, perhaps ous of all the Sullivan scores

Even when Gilbert was alive there was a prevalent notion that *Ruddigore* was a failure. The title was considered to be against it. Gilbert's reply that he was quite willing to rechristen the opera *Kensington Gore* and that he had made £6,000 out of it to-date anyway, did little to allay suspicions that all was not well. So *Ruddigore* was on the shelf for a considerable time until shortly after the War.

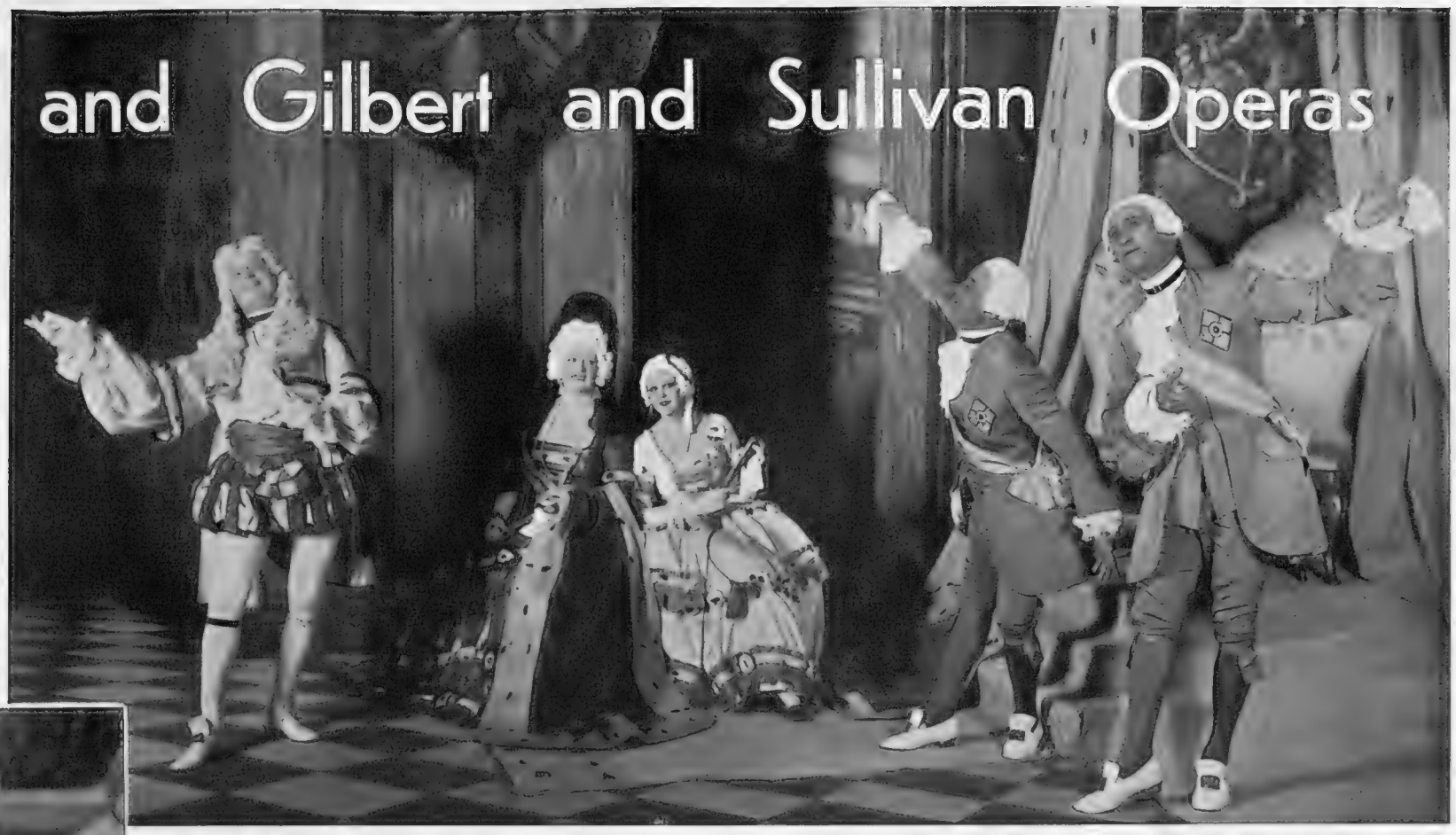
It is now enjoying a come-back; but for all its good points it will never be in the front rank of favourites. The too-prolonged burlesque of Victorian melodrama, the ghost episode, and Mad Margaret are all rather trying. The better the part of Mad Margaret is played—and Miss Marjorie Eyre played it to perfection—the more distressing it seems to me to be. If lunacy is not funny neither is burlesque lunacy, and those shrieks of imbecile laughter in a comic opera are as incongruous as a tuberculous archbishop at a cock-tail party. Yet Gilbert was, I believe, very proud of Mad Margaret.

Act II is a jumble of false sentiment, with the coming of the ghostly ancestor who had committed suicide adding to the embarrassment without justifying his taking part in a sentimental duet. Were it not for the decorous capers of the reformed baronet and his spouse and for the superb song of the chief ghost, this part of *Ruddigore* would, I think, have crashed badly.

The first act, when it gets under way and we are through with the confessions of the Gilbertian contralto, is much better. But it is, again, Sullivan who pulls the chestnuts out of the fire, chestnuts in this case being *le mot juste*.

"WOMAN'S HEART IS WON WITH WOMAN'S HAND"! Gianetta (Miss Muriel Dickson) sings to Don Alhambra del Bolero, Grand Inquisitor of Spain (Mr. Sydney Granville) in *The Gondoliers*. A new study taken during the present run of the operas at the Savoy Theatre

and Gilbert and Sullivan Operas



Special "Sphere" picture

"THERE MUST BE PLENTY OF THIS": The Duke of Plaza Toro (Sir Henry Lytton) with his Duchess (Miss Dorothy Gill) and his daughter, Casilda instructs the Gondoliers, Giuseppe Palmieri (Mr. Leslie Rands) and Marco Palmieri (Mr. Charles Goulding) in the manners of princes

John Dean) and the most melodi-

Sullivan is at his best with the madrigal, the horn-pipe, and nearly all the duets. Occasionally there are signs of fatigue and of invention flowing somewhat viscously.

Was the Sullivan of *Ruddigore* really tired, and is that the reason why he made the first act Finale do for the Finale of the second act? It is a good tune, but not so good as all that.

But Sullivan so far dominates the present company at the Savoy that they often sing when they need not, and, indeed, should not. The company is a more than capable one—far better, in fact, than it has been for years. But so many members of it have that trick, common to stage singers, of speaking the simplest dialogue with such a variety of intonations that the thing positively becomes a song.

This is the sole fault of Miss Muriel Dickson, a soprano with an exquisite voice, a good appearance, and a fair knowledge of acting. Miss Dorothy Gill boomed out her experiences in that accepted Gilbert and Sullivan contralto-cum-middle-age which in some revue or other gave Miss Maisie Gay the chance to prove that burlesque *can* be burlesqued.

Mr. Sydney Granville as the bad baronet who became good and Mr. Martyn Green as the good baronet who became bad were, professionally speaking, good throughout.

The Savoy Follies resembles *Ruddigore* in no single respect save that it has been revived. If there were moments in *Here We are Again* (the revue's new title) so sombre and humourless that I felt it would have been appropriate had the cathedral-like architecture which adorned the Lyceum during the run of *The Miracle* been retained, the difficulty has been pluckily tackled of presenting an intimate show, hot from a small theatre, in a very large and unintimate theatre, with no concession other than the hiring of a couple of troupes of well-drilled "Loofers."

This revue was never strong on the distaff side. It is now even less strong and affords an example of how comely young women who can sing a bit and dance a bit contrive nevertheless to mean almost nothing at all merely because they do not possess that intangible necessity known as personality.

But the men are excellent. Flotsam and Jetsam are great assets, even when Mr. Jetsam has to sing in the distant prairie (and in a dinner jacket) of the delights of Big Ben, reproduced, fitfully, on the back-cloth by an electrician in whimsical mood. In later songs—such old favourites as the *Peer Gynt* piece of amusing nonsense—all went well.

Mr. Gillie Potter, that stentorian academic, lectured us wittily; Mr. Stanley Holloway was in good form, and although a grotesque couple, by name, Mills and Bobbie, failed to amuse me, they amused the vast majority of the audience, which is much more important.

Now that *White Horse Inn* no longer occupies the Coliseum stage, the burlesque of it, which was never excruciatingly funny, should surely be replaced by something more topical.

Mr. Archie de Bear, who is an expert on revue, will no doubt see to this at once. For *Here We Are Again*, although its present suit of clothes is too big for it, is well worth doctoring.

London, after many weeks with no concerts at all, followed by rather more weeks with nothing but the faithful "Proms," has suddenly become acutely musical. Non-stop variety is now rivalled by (virtually) non-stop symphony orchestras.

The most important musical event for a long time has been the début of the very new London Philarmonic Orchestra at the first concert of the very old Royal Philharmonic Society,

For this is the orchestra which is not only fighting the danger of a B.B.C. monopoly, but is the own particular baby of Sir Thomas Beecham, who has chosen it and schooled it until it has reached the standard of such world-famous organizations as the Philharmonic orchestras of Berlin and New York. I heard this orchestra play, under Sir Thomas's direction, a hackneyed Berlioz overture into which new life had been instilled, some Mozart and some Delius, and the mighty "Heldenleben" of Strauss. It was, in short, a concert of superlative worth. Yet there were empty seats by the score. But at the "Proms," where the orchestra, though good, was no better, hundreds had been turned away by the score night after night, for weeks.

The truth seems to be that London's music-lovers are conservative to the verge of timidity. They hesitate to support a new orchestra however fine and however familiar its programme, for the reason that it is new. The "Proms" are a habit, with nearly forty years of history behind them. The British adoration for institutions *per se*—and this is intended as no reflection on Sir Henry Wood's superb effort on behalf of British music—is exemplified in this devotion to the "Proms," even at the expense of other musical attractions, no matter how attractive the latter may be.

Besides, the "Proms" audiences contain some very peculiar people who believe in the mortification of the flesh. That is to say, they will stand up through a long symphony to which they refuse to listen sitting down.

I can vouch for this from a personal experience, which had a piquant political flavour. Recently I offered a free seat at the Queen's Hall to a young girl who could not, I know, afford to buy one; she is passionately musical and going at present through a Bolshevistic phase from which she will emerge as surely as a baby survives teething.

The ticket was refused with a gesture, "I am not bourgeoise enough," she explained, "to sit while comrades are standing."

Golly!

Special "Sphere" picture

AT SOUND OF THE BELL: The setting in the school of pronounced Prussian severity which has survived the Revolution. The one tender-hearted mistress (Miss Joyce Bland) watches the "Mädchen In Uniform" file past—a moment at the Duchess Theatre

MISS STELLA GIBBONS, whose novel, *Cold Comfort Farm*, is a brilliant satire on the "Loam-and-Love-Child" School

MR. J. W. DRAWBELL, whose book of the cinema, *Film Lady*, recreates with great vividness the atmosphere of the studio

BOOKS:

The Rationale of the Big Book: An Irritating Pedantry: "Clubfoot" Returns: Virginia Woolf, Philip Gibbs, and Rachel Ferguson

By CECIL ROBERTS

The flood of novels is upon us. It is impossible to do anything like justice to the varied fare that is offered to one. This week witnesses the publication of fifty new novels. It is becoming increasingly difficult to find someone who has not written a novel. The writing craze is no longer confined to the vicar's daughter, who is stirred to activity by the thought of the Brontë sisters in the Yorkshire parsonage. The typist and the office boy have dreams of authorship. It is not a matter of winning a fortune. No one to-day believes that writing is the way to riches, but it offers a mild gamble, with chances quite equal to those of a sweepstake. I know an extremely able novelist, whose work, strictly judged on grounds of merit, entitles him to rank among the first twenty good writers of the day. His annual income from a novel a year is £80. He keeps himself alive with reading for a publisher and writing rubbish for the newspapers. I found him in a rather bitter mood one morning.

A lively youth, living in the flat above him, just down from Oxford, had written a novel with a few more obscenities than are generally tolerated, and woke to find his book in demand at the libraries. It had been the subject of an attack by a journalist whose moral hysteria provides suburbia with its Sunday morning sensation. Within three months the rising young novelist had risen to an income of £2,000 from contracts for various rights in his book. The novel was clearly the work of an amateur. But, under the library system, bad writing and good writing are indistinguishable. "I'll take this," says the lady who has heard of the title. She reads three novels a week and her palate is hardened against literary flavour.

Of late we have been inundated with the tremendously long novel. I cannot believe that a writer who knows his business is incapable of expressing himself within the range of 90,000 words. It suggests bad craftsmanship to me when I see an author taking 200,000 words in which to present his characters. There is a commercial explanation of this literary elephantiasis. The fat novel takes twice as long to read! Mrs. Readall cannot, therefore, return her copy to the library within three days, as is her custom; she takes six in which to finish the book. This means that Mrs. Skipall cannot get that returned copy within a week. The Readalls and the Skipalls thereby create "a demand," and under pressure the library has to order further copies. A fat book, therefore, obtains a fat circulation.

I think there are signs that the goose is going to be choked by the fattening process. Publishers have been attacked by "omnibusitis." They are lumping together two, three, four, and in one case, five novels. I have before me an omnibus of a quarter of a million words. Nothing will induce me to get into it. Life is too short, and there is no author living from whom I am prepared to accept a dose of a quarter of a million words in one binding.

This week's candidates for attention are all of the regulation size. That is, they are round about 90,000 words. Three are by well-known writers who have won their spurs. Three are by candidates for fame. Mr. Stephen McKenna has not been very satisfactory of late. His last four novels have lacked fire. They were the work of a competent writer who seems to have contracted the habit of sitting at his desk and producing words.

The merit of *Superstition* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) lies in its originality. Mr. McKenna has put himself under the severe trial of telling his story in the first person. He tells it as a medical man. He observes Harry Chiselden through the course of the years. He is a man dogged by fate. The pursuing fury takes the form of the demoniacal love of a woman. He had only to become fond of a person for that person to die. Was it coincidence or superstition, or fate? That is the question Mr. McKenna investigates. It is the most subtle book he has written, and the novelist emerges as a very considerable alienist in these pages. I am afraid it is too good to be "in demand."

I have never read a bad novel by Miss V. Sackville-West. True, she has only written two before *Family History* (Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.) which will maintain her reputation. But I register an emphatic protest against Miss Sackville-West's idiosyncrasy imposed upon her readers in this last work. "In this novel I have spelt the word 'that' in two different ways; either with one 't' or with two, in order to differentiate between the conjunction and the demonstrative adjective and demonstrative or relative pronoun. I fear that this innovation may irritate many readers." So far as I am concerned Miss Sackville-West has irritated me to a point in which I wanted to throw the book down.

She begins her habit in the first sentence . . . "thatt's the first bit of coal brought up from the pits at Orlestone. Look at it. Thatt's what sent Dan to Eton. Thatt's what made a gentleman of Dan." And, I might add, thatt's what irritated me on every page. Why has Miss Sackville-West imposed this cranky idea upon her readers, and thereby ruined a very good novel? Is she not aware that nobody cares a tinker's curse whether one can or cannot differentiate between the conjunction and the demonstrative adjective and the demonstrative or relative pronoun? And that a very large number of quite intelligent and literate persons could not tell the difference? Only a pedantic grammatical purist would bother about such a thing. Miss Sackville-West is not even "a friend to phonetic spelling." That particular craze might excuse her idiosyncrasy.

Her only plea for the irritation she visits upon her readers is "that in the interests of clarity the addition of the extra 't' should abolish for ever the confusion of that ambiguous little word." The confusion rests only in the author's mind, and Miss Sackville-West conveys it to her reader by insisting on such dubious "clarity."

Every writer experiences his difficulty with some aspect of the King's English. I have never been satisfied that "Aren't I?" is a reasonable or grammatical contraction of "Am I not?" but, nevertheless, I shall not impose upon my readers "Amn't I?" Custom is a very precious thing.

But to turn to the story. It deals with the love of a young aristocrat, with strong Labour leanings, for a woman who is fifteen years older than himself. She has a son at Eton who worships the advanced Miles. The woman has to fight out the problem. It is one that Lady Russell has already dealt with in *Love*, but Miss Sackville-West has her own point of view and treatment. There is one of the longest deathbed scenes I remember in fiction, and I am not convinced that it was at all necessary for Evelyn to slide out of life so conveniently when the young man fell in love with someone of his own age, and agreed to her deliberate renunciation. And in the interests of clarity is it wise to name two of your feminine characters Evelyn and Lesley?—I found thatt very confusing. But let me not seem ungrateful. If Miss Sackville-West had not given me such an excellent story, with vital writing on every page, I should have succumbed to my irritation at being thatted. Her Evelyn, Dan, and Mick are splendidly conceived and the story glows with genuine emotion.

Mr. Valentine Williams will delight a host of his faithful readers by reintroducing Clubfoot into his latest novel, *The Gold Comfit Box* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). This is the story in retrospect, and from his retirement, of Philip Clavering. It is worthy to succeed in the Clubfoot series. It is a breathless spy story, it switches us about Europe, to Holland, Germany, and Austria. Clubfoot is a match for his antagonist. The Foreign Offices of England and Germany are engaged in a duel that is desperate but good-natured. How well Mr. Williams understands the German psychology! It is for this reason that I find Clubfoot one of the very few convincing German spies. He is not a bogey man and I am grateful that he did not come to a bad end. And with Philip Clavering going up to say good-night to his two youngsters, after so many perils; I feel gratified that Mr. Williams has permitted Herr Grundt to continue his life.

After the excitement provided by Mr. Williams one can turn to a tranquil book, *The Seraphim Room* (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.). with the whole action taking place in a Cathedral Close. Perhaps tranquil is not quite the word, for Mr. Henry Chilvester who has lived all his life in the beautiful Chilvester House, along with his two daughters, Lilian and Emliy, is involved, in his passion to preserve Chilvester House, in a costly law suit. It is the story of an old man who sacrifices everything to maintain Chilvester House. He ignores the fact that the property is not wholly his. It was granted, for services rendered, to an ancestor by the Dean and Chapter and is held so long as there is a male Chilvester to inherit. Henry Chilvester is the last of his line. The family fortune has shrunk. He has only two daughters. He economizes on himself and on them in order to maintain his house in its splendour. This story is a study of an old man's folly, of his slow approach to insanity, and of his tragic death in a ditch in the grounds of the house, a ditch that is symbolically a war trench. The whole story is most beautifully and poignantly told. Emily, her life sacrificed to a father's selfishness, is only one of a gallery of vivid figures. One thinks of Trollope in reading this book. He would have rejoiced in it, and in Miss Edith Olivier he would have saluted an equal.

If you want to know what life in a film studio is like I cannot think of anything more faithful to truth than *Film Lady*, by J. W. Drawbell (Collins. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Drawbell has given us two good novels packed with life. He is insatiable in his zest for quick movement, and the career of Joy Raynor through the film world provides him with the vivid, kaleidoscopic background he loves. I had to close my eyes at the finish against the glare of the limes, and my ears against the bellowing of the directors. The book is as bright and swift as a comet.

In his story, *Blizzard* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), Mr. Edward Woodward has found an ingenious plot. Gerald Layton's son, John, is killed while driving his father home from the office. He leaves behind him an unmarried wife who is expecting a child. The woman is a typist in Layton's office. Encouraged by her mother, Layton's wife refuses to accept the fact that her son is the father of the expected child. Her husband is subsequently involved in a quarrel with his brother-in-law, and goes to gaol on a charge of manslaughter. When he returns to civil life he is cleared of suspicion in the eyes of his wife by the unmistakable likeness of the newly-born child to its dead father. I wish Mr. Woodward had omitted the melodrama of the manslaughter charge, which seems quite unnecessary to the main interest of the story. The situation is splendidly handled, and Mr. Woodward has presented one of the most virulent mothers-in-law I ever remember meeting in fiction. The whole story has grip and swift action.

It has been the pleasant custom for Mr. Gordon Selfridge on the night of the declaration of the polls at a General Election to invite to his store in Oxford Street practically all the well-known people living in London. Sir Philip Gibbs has utilized this vivid and varied scene for one of the chief incidents in his new novel, *The Anxious Days* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). The centre figure of the story, which is a review of recent incidents in the life of this nation, is a Commander Compton, a one-armed ex-Naval officer home on retirement from India. He looks forward to settling down with his daughter, to find that she has her own life as an actress. He buys a farm and invites his prospective son-in-law to work it with him. And on that farm the whole of the England of to-day with all its social problems is taken stock of. This novel, therefore, combines the two aspects of Sir Philip Gibbs. He is both journalist and novelist in a book that is both an admirable entertainment and a serious tract for the times. The old generation and the new are placed face to face and the problem of to-day is pointedly stated.

For those who have difficulty in understanding Mrs. Virginia Woolf, and I am one of them if I am to be judged by her last novel, *The Waves*, the study which Miss Winifred Holtby has given in *Virginia Woolf* (Wishart. 6s.) will prove very helpful. Miss Holtby is, of course, an admirer, but she understands the difficulty, and proves herself an admirable interpreter, and no novelist could wish for a more intelligent and sympathetic introduction to the general public. *The Common Reader* (Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.) is Mrs. Woolf's second selection of her literary essays. These are studies chiefly of literary figures of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, each with an individual note and a keenly analytical sight.

Far away from this seriousness is Miss Rachel Ferguson's new prescription for the depressed *Nymphs and Satires* (Benn. 7s. 6d.). It is the true Ferguson brew, guaranteed to go to the head and heart. She will not be gloomy, and has the courage to charge Mr. Agate with having begun a critique, "Hail, smiling Maugham."

BOOKS TO READ

A PRINCESS IN EXILE, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia (Cassell. 16s.).

THE REGENT AND HIS DAUGHTER, by Dormer Creston (Thornton Butterworth. 15s.).

BY DESERT WAYS TO INDIAN SNOWS, by A. J. Reynolds (Unicorn Press. 15s.).

BIG GAME SHOOTING IN AFRICA, by Major H. C. Maydon (Seeley Service and Co. 25s.).

SCARLET LADIES AND A BLACK BOX, by R. Winston Davis de Marris (Ocean Publishing Company. 10s. 6d.).

THE TRAIL THAT IS ALWAYS NEW, by Willoughby P. Lowe (Gurney and Jackson. 16s.).

LOVABLE BEASTS, by Harper Cory (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 12s. 6d.).

THE COLLECTED SPORTING VERSE OF WILL H. OGILVIE (Constable. 12s.).

DAYS AND WAYS OF A SCOTTISH ANGLER, by Henry Lamond (Philip Allan. 12s. 6d.).

WAR AND WESTERN CIVILIZATION, by Major-General J. F. C. Fuller (Duckworth. 10s.).

HAVE WE GOOD-LOOKERS on the British Screen?

MISS SUNDAY WILSHIN, who plays in the new Gainsborough production, *Marry Me*, which stars Renate Muller, the "Sunshine Girl"

IN A TEMPLE THURSTON CLASSIC: Miss Joan Barry in the title-rôle and Miss Kay Hammond as her friend in *Sally Bishop*, a British Lion film

—An Answer in the Affirmative

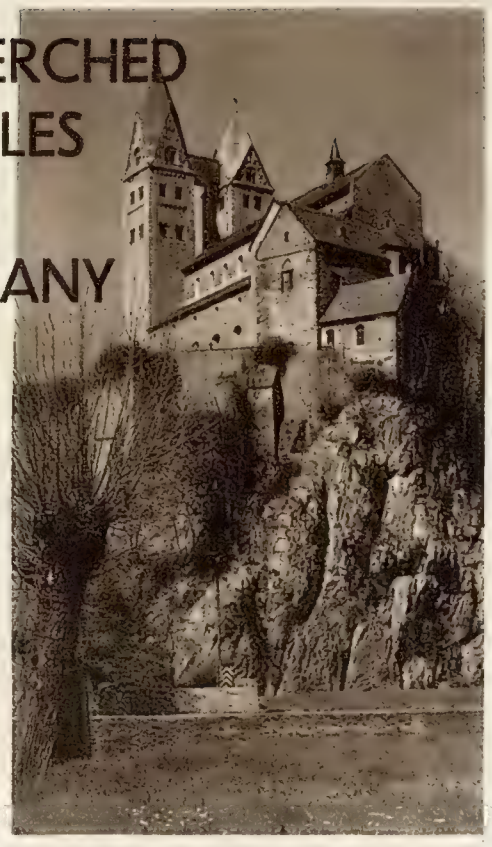
MISS JOAN BARRY as Sally Bishop in the British Lion production

THE FLAG-LIEUTENANT: Mr. Peter Gawthorne, Miss Joyce Bland, Miss Anna Neagle, and Mr. Henry Edwards. Miss Bland is now acting in the German school-children play at the Duchess Theatre

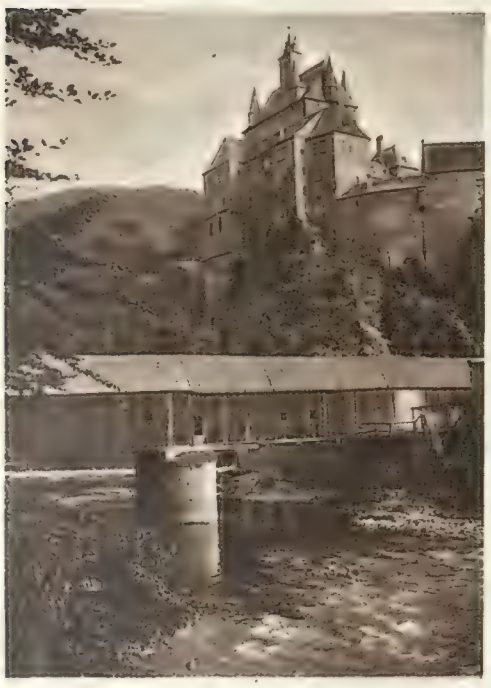
On right — MISS ISABEL JEANS, who makes her debut in the new British Lion film, *Sally Bishop*

ROCK-PERCHED CASTLES of GERMANY

ON THE BANKS OF THE LAHN: The castle of Dietkirchen seen from the west. The Lahn runs from Westphalia through Hesse



A CATHEDRAL BUILT ON ROCK: The strikingly situated Laurentius Kirche at Dietkirchen on the river Lahn



A CASTLE OF SAXONY: Kriebstein Castle on the heavily wooded banks of the Elbe, one of the most attractive of German relics

A ONCE IMPERIAL RESIDENCE: The castle at Sigmaringen, a town with a Catholic gymnasium in an old convent

A GLORY OF THE MOSELLE RIVER: The ideally and idyllically situated castle on Eltz Mountain in the valley of the famous river

CHURCH AND STATE: A vista of Haigerloch in the Schwartzwald showing the castle and church. This lies in Hohenzollern

THE SPHERE of TRAVEL

Take Cologne on your Way to the Rhine Castles—a Most Delightful Autumn Holiday

A memorable vision of the blue and pink domestic façades along the river front, backed by a few serrated towers and the dark, overwhelming spires of the Dom, confronts the approaching traveller as his train draws slowly over the Hohenzollern bridge into the city of Cologne. Apart from that, and the routine visit to the Cathedral, which is inescapable, the tourist usually concludes that Cologne is a big, noisy, commercial city, with a peculiarly vocal traffic, an immense number of banana-filled street-barrows, too many hotel-touts, and as many cunning pedlars of "Mickey Mouse" and similar toys as can evade the sharp eyes of the police.

Cologne is, however, one of the most fascinating cities of Germany. After all, it has lasted for more than 2,000 years; has seen its wealth outdazzle that of any other city of the Empire; has been the seat of some of the most illustrious Princes of the Church, and, at least twice in its career, its schools of art, have been the foremost in the whole country. Those facts have left their mark in the finest group of Romanesque buildings to be seen in Germany, art collections which superbly illustrate the brilliance and intelligence of the Rhenish painters during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and treasures of the goldsmith's and jeweller's crafts which are surpassed in only one or two cities of Spain or Italy.

THE HAYMARKET in Cologne behind which is St. Martin's Church

Those traditions have had their influence upon the city in modern times, and Cologne to-day is the cultural, as well as the commercial, centre of West Germany. This is true not only in matters of science and the applied arts, but equally, and perhaps more spectacularly from their very nature, in the matter of music and the drama. The city orchestra, the opera house, and the municipal theatre are equal, in their productions, to anything in Germany.

Cologne, then, is as much an artistic as a commercial centre. It possesses another characteristic which those who pass rapidly up or down the Rhine are apt to overlook. Coming southward from Holland the traveller's first view of Cologne is an awe-inspiring battalion of industrial chimneys. One shudders at the prospect of a grimy metropolis of bricks, furnaces, disgruntled factory-hands, dirty railway-sidings, and belching smoke. In the first place, most of the factories are idle; in the second, they are so far away from the city that, once you step out of the train into the clean, bustling streets and squares, there will not be the slightest indication of an industrial centre until you leave again on your journey. But if the visit be short, the first impression may remain, though you see not a single chimney-pot or factory-truck, or puff of smoke in the whole city.

It is, in fact, a very bright, sunny, and cheerful metropolis, of tight, clean little streets, wide, leafy squares, and a variable architecture, from Romanesque to intensely modern, enclosed within a double girdle not of factories, but of spacious, handsome boulevards, and, where the fortifications used to run, green and shady gardens. The shopping streets are full of character and colour, and the liveliest of them all, the Höhestrasse, is lit so abundantly with vertical electric signs that the travelled are instantly reminded of Shanghai. Half the city has a quiet, medieval atmosphere derived from the many churches and convents which have survived here from the time of the Prince-Bishops; and a great deal of the other half is devoted to cafés, theatres, cabarets, and all that light-hearted and cheap amusement which the Rhenish character demands.

600 YEARS IN BUILDING: The great Cathedral at Cologne

By its side is the Rhine. The great river is a very heartening sight just now. Almost deserted during the winter months, it is now as lively as a pond of ducklings. The enormous, pink-brick exhibition buildings, which run along one bank, and the gables, towers, and spires which rise from its other bank, ensure to the Rhine, where it passes through Cologne, a picturesque character almost equal to that of the cliffs and castles higher up; but here it adds the excitement and colour of a busy port.

R. E.

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AND FINE LINEN

from Robinson and Cleaver come this primrose linen cloth with a handsome rose design of drawn thread-work and hand embroidery, and an alternative in mats of white organdie with Madeira embroidery

Dodds' section

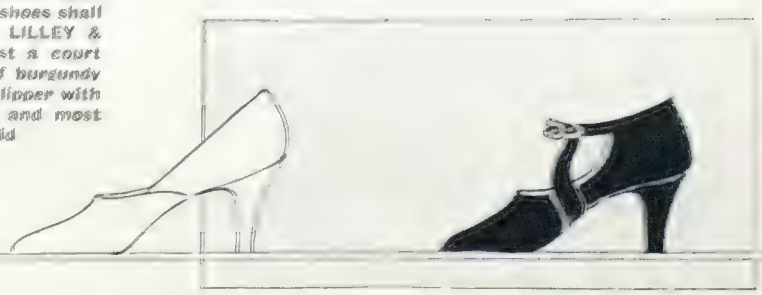
The ways of a woman with a gown are unpredictable: Chanel unexpectedly uses bottle green velvet for a looped boa and trimmings on a thick white lace evening gown, and who could foretell the success of the arrangement allied to shoulder straps formed of strands of floss silk of nigger, green and white. The next frock fuchsia coloured hatter's velvet is an arresting incident on henna woollen crêpe also shown at WOOLLAND BROS.

To express the spirit of womanhood throughout the ages, but more expressly the woman of to-day, the third lady wears a sheath of black satin under heavy black lace which follows the lines of least resistance and the slender form of its wearer. Shirred tulle outlines the flattering décolletage and forms a panel down the front. A row of diamanté buttons is a fitting conclusion to an expressive fashion phrase. DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

White, symbol of simplicity, takes on a certain sophistication in model of heavy crêpe with a glossy surface of pebbly texture which accentuates its close-fitting, slanting lines with flat bows, and has a bunch of long white velvet leaves on the shoulder. The latest low back décolletage in which shoulder straps have position but no magnitude graces a gown of green wool and silk velvet. Both models from DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

Since the days of Cinderella only the most perfectly shod feminine feet have trod the primrose path. The most ornate periods of history could scarcely show shoes more exquisite in form and detail than those designed to please modern women and attract observant dancing partners. THIERRY of Regent Street (left) offers an evening slipper in black marocain with pipings and insets of silver kid to accent its original and charming lines. Another of M. Thierry's models delights in the vogue velvet. The one illustrated is of white panne, its sandal strappings of Nattier blue crêpe. For conservative devotées of the court shoe there is one faultlessly cut of black satin, the instep marked by open work embroidery

It is no longer fair to accuse women of being either illogical or inconclusive since, in the present expression of their sartorial preferences there are a definite rhythm and uniformity of purpose. With a velvet gown they wear velvet shoes and, since form is of first importance in their frocks, they insist that their shoes shall have faultless lines. Their exigence is satisfied by LILLEY & SKINNER'S newest evening model. (Right) Consider first a court shoe of Grecian cut carried out in the new shade of burgundy velvet. Next comes an attractive black velvet dance slipper with ankle strap and diamanté buckle. Lastly, the airiest and most delightful evening standard of gold or silver kid



Morn till Midnight

★ There have been poetical complaints in the past that the mood and the moment, and there was some mention of the loved one, never occurred together. Leaving the loved one to follow, automatically, in the wake of lovely woman perfectly accoutred, there is no need to-day for divorcement between the mood and the moment; for a woman perfectly dressed for an occasion is on good terms with herself and the world in general, and to-day's fashions provide for every contingency—the passionate or the platonic, the social, the sporting, for moments of leisure, or for those of practical activity, at home or abroad. The fashion experts are woman's true devotees; they think of her morning, noon, and night!

★ It is not what you do but with whom you do it, and what you wear to do it that matter. What woman would not spend a perfect evening, whether she was dancing, dining, or going to the play, if she were conscious of the admiring and perhaps envious eyes which would follow her appearance in exquisite angora wool with the newest directoire line and important sleeves from Harvey Nichols. A little detachable cape makes of it an adaptable companion for less formal occasions.

★ Another advocate of "night life" *de luxe* from the same house is an alternated cape of white fur, very modern in spirit, with an upstanding collar which crosses over in front and fastens at the back and has a little muff, which our grandmothers (or was it our grandfathers?) probably quite correctly would have described as "fetching."

★ For the house, whether it is in the morning before she has made her formal toilet, or at the cocktail hour, a woman is assured that mental and physical sense of ease, which derives from a combination of comfort and elegance, by a pyjama suit of dark blue wool stockinette with a bolero jacket, short enough to show the white silk blouse worn with it. This is another of the models with which the firm of Harvey Nichols show their belief in fashionable woman's good sense and good taste.

★ If Madam would a-shopping go or has a luncheon appointment, Swan and Edgar would suggest an ensemble of grey woollen fabric trimmed with red pipings and buttons. Again, the popular cape effect is to the fore, snugly high-necked and hiding the red yoke of the slim-fitting, belted frock.

★ A sunny autumn morning, or the new motor's pressing invitation, might suggest a drive into the country, or a round of golf, and so Swan and Edgar present a smartly cut suit of brown and white check, with the short jacket and distinctive collar and revers so typical and topical, and (since accessories always have the last word) a brown woollen scarf and brown suède béret insist on accompanying the suit on its excursion.

★ Afternoon appointments are the perfect excuse for airing fashion's latest views in matter of sleeves, shoulders, and collars, and the proposer is a coat of rough woollen material trimmed with Persian lamb. Certainly the notion would be carried unanimously.

★ These three day-time models have all been adapted by Swan and Edgar to the requirements of the small and slender woman who seems to predominate among the types of to-day.

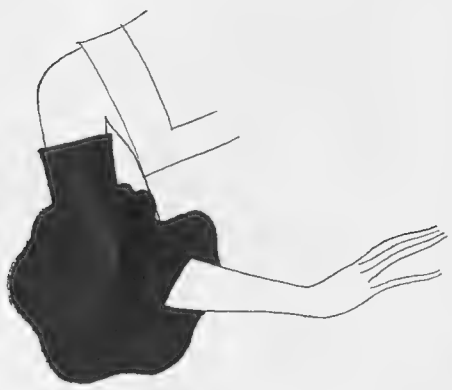
★ The prevalence of woollen fabrics for clothes to be worn on every occasion and at every time of day or night is very noticeable.

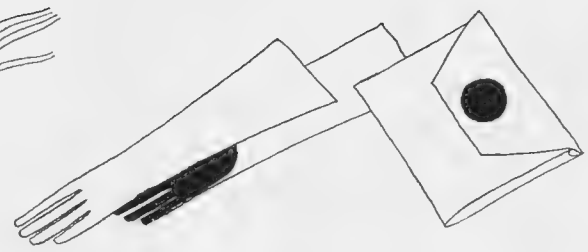
★ The new woollens justify their ubiquity:—colourings, designs, and textures are entirely satisfying, and, apart from their decorative value, there is practicality to recommend them in a climate such as ours. And so we may conclude that women, who are definitely influenced by the clothes they wear, will this winter feel right and so, of course, do right, and, given the moment, the appropriate mode and mood will not be difficult to find.

dunn

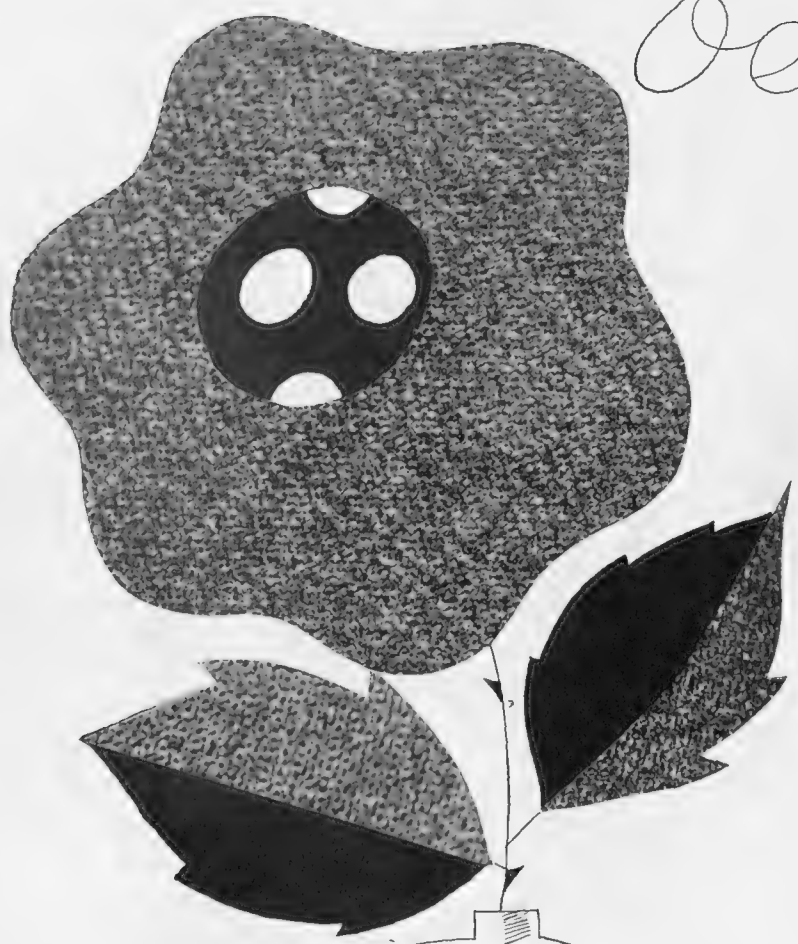
Details in Velvet . . .

Unanimously in favour of velvet; amusing sleeve incidents at shoulder or elbow; ruches and looped boas; bows, bags, and gloves; tiny bodices and a blouse





in plain or printed effects, equal to ring velvet in richness of texture and sheen, ARTVEL has the advantage of durability, is uncrushable, and can be washed



Roy Bret Koch

BY APPOINTMENT

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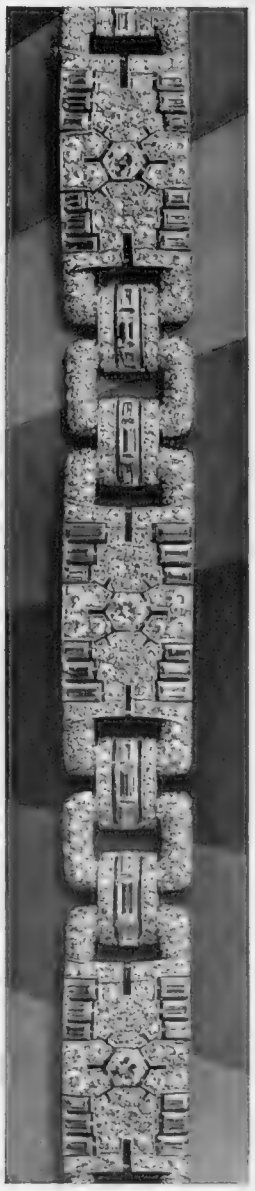

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A'WOOING: Magnificent specimens of Zulu manhood adorned with beads, feathers, and furs

A South African Paradise

Zululand is paradise for menfolk. Since generations men had there the most pleasant ways of life. By marrying three wives to make them work for the husband, he never again has to do any work himself. The only one he ever has been forced to do in his younger years was to earn enough money to buy those women. The natives of Zululand (and most other negros in Africa) ask payment for their daughters to be given away in marriage. While in white countries the father is obliged to bestow upon them a dowry, among Zulus he asks a *lobola* for them from the wooer; that means fifteen "heads" of cattle or even twenty if he is a chief. European reporters are usually making fun in their descriptions about these people selling girls to men, but as a matter of fact, this *lobola* has turned out to be a benefit for the race and even for the girls and women. In comparison of these African customs with those in India at the same occasion Africa must be given preference; while Indian mothers, when giving life to a daughter, sometimes slaughter the baby in their terrible fear of their husband's rage, and Indian fathers ruin themselves through the terrible traditional expenditure at their daughter's matrimonial festivals, the Zulu girl is well treated at home, being looked upon as an object of value. She is even gaining a certain amount of self-respect, and if she is a good agricultural worker she must not necessarily be good-looking for gaining a man's admiration.

Besides, this *lobola* forces the young man to work at least for some time. In regard of these advantages the drawbacks of this institution are negligible, though not seldom they cause quarrels. Questions of ownership arise, for instance, if the wife runs away from her husband and comes back to her father's home. The son-in-law then claims his *lobola* back, while the father-in-law tries to assert that his daughter has been badly treated. Even in the case of proved guilt of the woman, the father-in-law sometimes is unable to repay the full amount of cattle which may have perished in the meantime. Endless enmities are the consequences. One case of hostility between three generations of two families was the result of a cow with calf among the *lobola* of which the son-in-law wanted the calf back, while the father claimed it as belonging to the lot.

Nowadays the young Zulu is obliged to travel farther away from his country seeking work for *lobola*. Mostly they earn their living in the diamond and gold mines, where they sign a contract for just enough time to buy the women with the savings. They do this three times to buy three wives, and enough field for them to work on. As a rule every marriage takes place two years after the former one, but of course it varies according to the man's ability and saving power, and it is not always the same matter of time to make the necessary amount of money. Has he succeeded, then he settles down in his kral, and eternal happiness and idleness are his reward.

Now there is a question how those three wives live together. Better than one imagines. The young Zulu girl is used ever since she is able to look around to see men with more than one wife. When she gets to be married even with a bachelor she must be looking forward with inevitable certainty to face one day or another the fact of a second and a third rival. Owning a little house for herself she resigns from the first day to her fate; of course in many cases she is jealous and she tries to attract the husband closer than the two others, but she treats those competitors quite well. All the children say "mother" to every wife of their father, and consider themselves as brothers and sisters.

While I was visiting Zululand I had the chance to accompany the District-Commissioner's motor-trip to the second chief. His trip which he allowed me to join had a very serious reason—there was an infectious pest among the cattle of the eastern district, and the chief was to be induced to stop traffic between the healthy and the sick parts of his territory. At our arrival the old native chief met us with a hearty greeting, but after having entered into discussion with the interpreter he was not willing to give any definite assent. He did not believe in any success of these proposed measures and he thoroughly combined the epidemic disease with hostile actions of other tribes' witch-doctors; sorcery being the fault, so sorcery can only fight it. But it is only in this respect that he showed himself against modern ideas, as his motor car which he lately bought belonged to the last type.

The interest of South Africa lies not only in its scenery but in these native races, their problems and customs. Wafted to the Cape in a Union Castle liner in little over a fortnight from London, one can find oneself in a surprisingly short time in the heart of this fascinating country.

THE CHIEF'S SECOND WIFE, who carries the water pot. Married women in Zululand adjust their hair with felt so that the tangled mass stands out from the head

HARVEY NICHOLS

The New "Speciality Gown" Department

If you haven't yet visited the new "Speciality Gown" Department, promise yourself to do so without delay. Here are two examples of the interesting and "different" styles you'll see there :—

A GAY *little Ensemble in the very newest wool crêpe with a raised rib that looks like tucking. The dress has short sleeves ; the bolero is finished with a bow. Black/white, nigger / white, red / white, navy/white ; also plain nigger and navy* - **6½ gns.**

(*Right.*)

AN *original Ensemble of lightweight wool, trimmed with the finest astrakhan cloth. The long - sleeved dress adopts a double-necklace effect ; the bolero has an attractive elbow-length sleeve. In black and nigger* - **9½ gns.**

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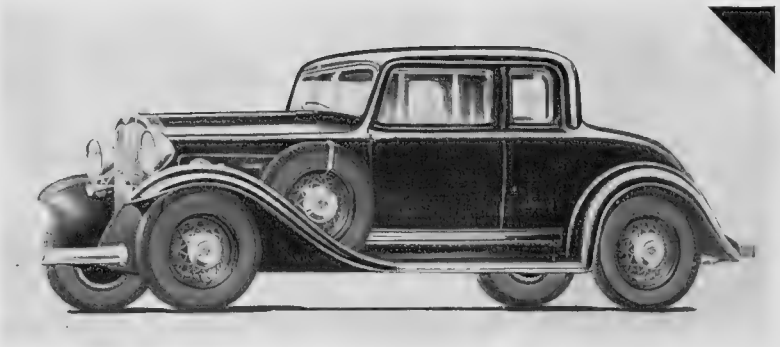
CVS-135

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)



THE BEAUTY OF STREAMLINE: The Willys Overland Coupé of very graceful lines possessing unusual seating room inside. The specification includes safety glass, a Startix automatic self-starter, and synchromesh gears

A WONDERFUL BUGATTI.—When I wrote my last notes the great Olympia Motor Show was not very old, and few people had time really to see what was exhibited on the stands. Now that we all have had days during which we have wandered down the aisles we have discovered exhibits which previously did not attract our attention. I, therefore, propose to say a few words about one or two exhibits which I have not previously noticed in my Show comments. To start with, probably the most interesting car amongst all the hundreds of exhibits is the huge Bugatti, which was shown on its maker's stand. The size of this car can be gauged by those who have not had an opportunity of seeing it when I tell them that the wheelbase is 3 ft. longer than the biggest Rolls-Royce. The engine looks a beautiful piece of engineering work, and it, in its turn, must surely be the longest car engine that has ever been placed under a bonnet. I am afraid that there are very few people in this country who can afford such a motor car because I am told that it requires umpteen thousands of pounds to buy one. In fact, I believe that the price is such that two of the most expensive Rolls-Royces could be bought with the same money. It is undoubtedly one of the Show wonders, and the crowd round the stand makes an examination extremely difficult. If any of my readers have been able to get near to the car they will have noticed the very interesting wheels which are composed of cast-aluminium of quite a different type from that usually associated with the name of Bugatti. I also noticed that the clutch is quite a distance away from the engine, and in this respect the car certainly differs from any other car which has been seen at Olympia for many years. Then, again, the gear-box is incorporated in the back axle—a feature of design which is certain to arouse criticism, favourable and otherwise, from those who study automobile design. The name Bugatti is such an honoured one that the chassis must be taken very seriously, and it certainly has given all motoring critics something to discuss and talk about for many a long day.

A NEW-COMER: The Morris Twenty-five, the latest addition to the Morris range, on Devil's Elbow, the well-known Perthshire acclivity. Capable of a rate of over 70 m.p.h. with a cruising speed of 60, this model is an outstandingly attractive fast touring car

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY.—Next door to the Bugatti Stand are a variety of cars shepherded by Willys Overland Crossleys. In the centre is a very smart example of the 12-h.p. A. J. S. This is finished in black and white, and I noticed that it attracted more than the average amount of attention. Arranged in the four corners of the stand are examples of the Willys Knight and the Willys Overland car. The new radiators on these cars are of a design which make them easily distinguishable and add a considerable importance and dignity to the whole outfit. The prices are more than reasonable and, of course, the quality of the cars has been proved for many years.

THE COACHBUILDING SECTION.—I was very glad to see that the coachwork exhibits were staged in the small hall off the main building in place of putting them in what has come to be known as the Annexe, where they have been housed for years. In their new position they appear to me to assume a greater importance, and in view of the interest which is taken nowadays in coachwork this added dignity is thoroughly deserved.

I paid a visit to the stand on which Messrs. Barker and Co. (Coachbuilders) Ltd. staged examples of their products. As might be expected, their exhibit was in the very best of taste. Only two cars are shown, and both of these are Rolls-Royces — one a 40–50 Phantom II, and the other a 20–25-h.p. model; both specimens are finished in the same colour, the predominating colour being black; but perhaps the feature which attracted most notice from those who were wise enough to look at the exhibits was the ingenious design of the doors, which gave one the impression when they were shut that there were no hinges whatsoever. This well-known firm of coachbuilders, as well as other body makers, have always found that when they have evolved a particularly handsome specimen of coachwork the outline to a connoisseur has been somewhat spoilt by the prominent hinges which have undoubtedly broken up the otherwise pleasing lines of the finished product. Messrs. Barker are to be congratulated on having adopted a design where no outward sign or excrescence indicates the presence of a door

(Continued on p. 166)

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FARES from £288 exclusive of shore excursions.
Apply to WM. H. MULLER & Co., (London), Ltd., 66-68, Haymarket, London, S.W.1 or Usual Agents.

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Sold everywhere 6d 1- 2- & 4-

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Your Horoscope cast by astrologer of 30 years' world repute. Life's Prospects, Possibilities described. Health, Marriage, Finance, Business Guidance, Events, Changes, etc. Send P.O. 1/-, Birth-date, stamped addressed envelope for expert delineation, the accuracy of which will amaze you. **Elroy Studios, (S.), 37, Albemarle Street, London, W. 1.**
Innumerable unsolicited testimonials received.

You'll be complimented on your driving

ANYBODY—expert driver or first year man—drives better in the 1933 Vauxhall Cadet. Your attention is on the road, not on the controls—they respond at a touch. Steering, acceleration and braking are so easy, so smooth in operation, that they need little help from you. As for gear-changing—the Synchro-Mesh gears ensure a faultless change every time, up or down.

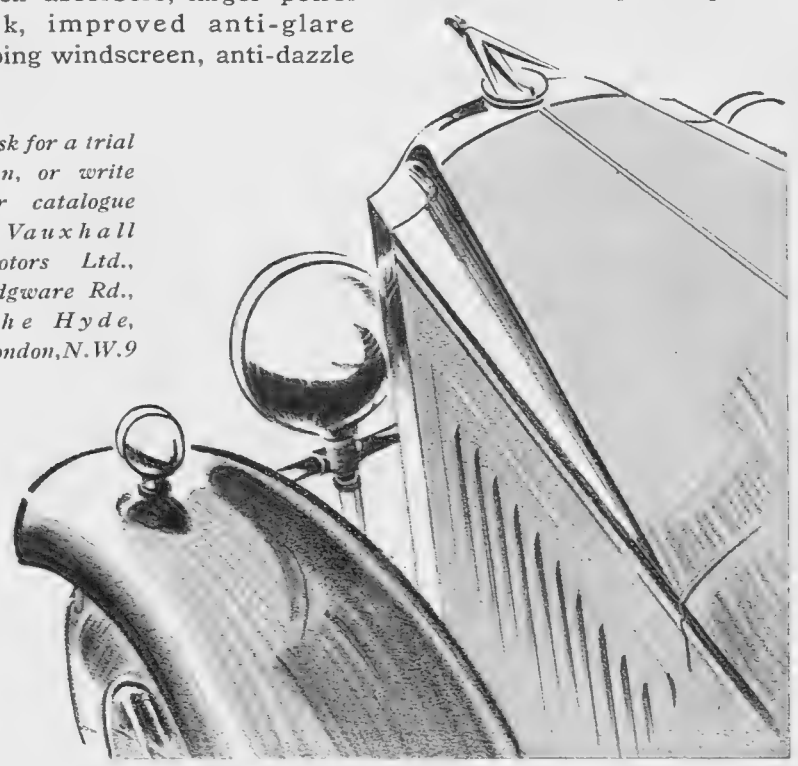
Features of the 1933 Cadet

PERFORMANCE. Synchro-Mesh, Silent Second, smoother acceleration, more miles to the gallon, soft yet decisive braking, effortless steering, improved choke giving easier starting.

COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE. Luxurious upholstery in softest leather, smoother springing, improved shock absorbers, larger petrol tank, improved anti-glare sloping windscreen, anti-dazzle dipping headlights, dual electric screen wiper, larger tyres, smaller wheels, more leg room, central folding arm rests on the saloons.

STYLE. Dull chromium radiator guard, lower body lines, eddy-free roof front, chromium flutes and lamps, more massive bumpers, new luggage grid which stows away neatly.

★*Ask for a trial run, or write for catalogue to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Rd., The Hyde, London, N.W.9*



4-door Saloon with flush-type weatherproof sliding roof, £295. Grosvenor Saloon De Luxe, £325. Tickford All-weather Saloon, £335. Fixed-head Coupé (2- or 4-light), £295. Romney 2-seater Drop-head Coupé, £325. Denton 4-seater Drop-head Coupé, £335. All prices ex Works.

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VAUXHALL CADET

SYNCHRO MESH
FAULTLESS GEAR CHANGE

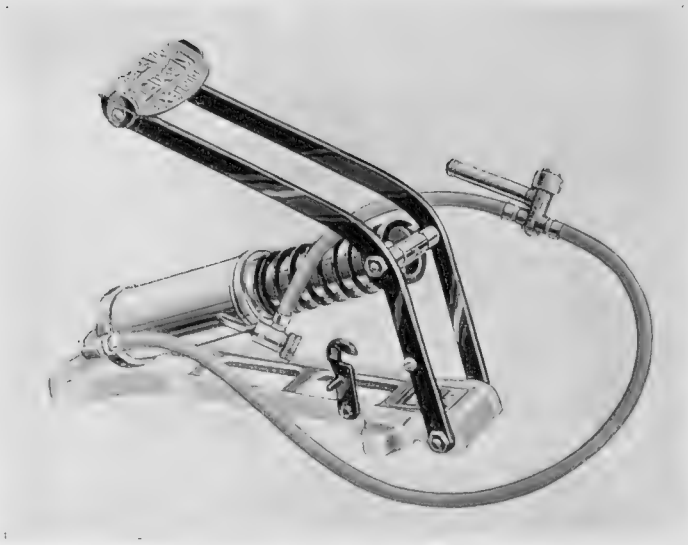
See it at Olympia—Stand No. 28

THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 164)

AN OLYMPIA ATTRACTION: The very striking stand of Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd. Lubrication charts for seventy-five different chassis were issued free



TIRELESS TYRE PUMPING: The "Kismet" Duplex foot pump fitted with a very accurate pressure gauge on the rubber connection. This pump is made by William Turner and Bro., Ltd., Sheffield

hinge. Inside the two cars the appointments are singularly pleasant. The interior of the Phantom II has been carried out, particularly as regards the ornamental woodwork, on the most modern lines. It is simple, plain, but immensely impressive. This firm is also to be congratulated on not crowding their stand with too many cars—a tendency which I am afraid is only too evident at Olympia.

TICKFORD BODIES.—The next stand in the coachbuilders' section which I visited was that of Salmons and Sons, the well-known coachbuilders of London and Newport Pagnell. They have six different cars on view and every one is worthy of attention, but the new type body on the Hillman Minx chassis deserves more than a passing word of praise. The design is something new in the way of Tickford bodies. In the ordinary way, when a Tickford is folded down, the sides of the body remain in position and the roof alone disappears. In this new design there are no sides in the ordinary sense of the word when the hood is neatly packed behind. By winding the handle the hood comes up, and this is locked in position by pulling back the folding irons on each side. In this position the car is a very smart Coupé de Ville, and if the occupants desire protection to a greater degree they can raise the windows in the very wide doors on either side. By undoing two straps the hood can be extended right up to the windscreen, and this is made taut by fixing two-hinged horizontal wooden struts which clip into fasteners on the top of the windscreen uprights. When this has been done the car becomes a very nice saloon.

In short, Messrs. Salmons have produced a body which is really three-in-one, but not one of these looks a compromise as is so often the case when a designer tries to be ingenious. The bodies on the two Wolseley Hornet chassis are also very attractive. As I have driven a car similar to one of those exhibited on the stand during the past seven months, I can say from experience that Salmons' coachwork is not only nice to look at, but also nice in actual use.

ACCESSORIES.—Like most visitors to the Show I found myself wandering round the accessory and tyre exhibits. Before very long I found myself in front of the Dunlop Stand, and there I had a good look at the various Dunlop products. The merit and the name of Dunlop are too well known to require any further words of mine to assist in telling readers that if a tyre or even a waterproof comes from Fort Dunlop it is the best that can be bought. As usual the Dunlop Stand is plain, straightforward, but none the less attractive. Further on I came to the stand on which the various products of Joseph Lucas, Ltd., were exhibited. Amongst the many good things which I saw I would like to single out two for special mention. The first was the Startix automatic starting equipment.

This new device is just as great an advance in motoring design as the self-changing gear-box. In the ordinary way a motorist switches on and then presses the starter button, but with a Startix equipment the driver merely switches on and the engine starts automatically. The device has another advantage in that should the engine stop accidentally when the car pulls up in traffic or otherwise, the engine will automatically spring into life. Several cars have the Startix as standard equipment for 1933, but before twelve months are out I venture to suggest that very few cars will be without them.

The second fitment which caught my eye was a new electric windscreen wiper with twin blades. There are many such windscreen wipers on the market, but none with a neater mechanism than this Lucas product.

A NOVEL STAND.—Still continuing my round I stopped opposite the stand of C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd. In past years this has always been recognizable by its rotating world's sphere on which oil continuously poured. This year the world sphere has been redesigned, and is now more attractive than ever, with the result that crowds watch its movement continuously. The firm has also arranged a complete battery of what looked like old-fashioned hour-glasses, but instead of sand trickling through the restricted orifice between the two containers, oil bubbles downwards. This is certainly a novelty which commands attention.

Cruise in the Wake of the old Sea Dogs!

Come away with the Duchess of Richmond on a Cruise to the Spanish Main . . . . to the haunts of Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, Frobisher . . . . the gallant Empire Builders of good Queen Bess! Explore the enchanting islands of the Caribbean on the Canadian Pacific

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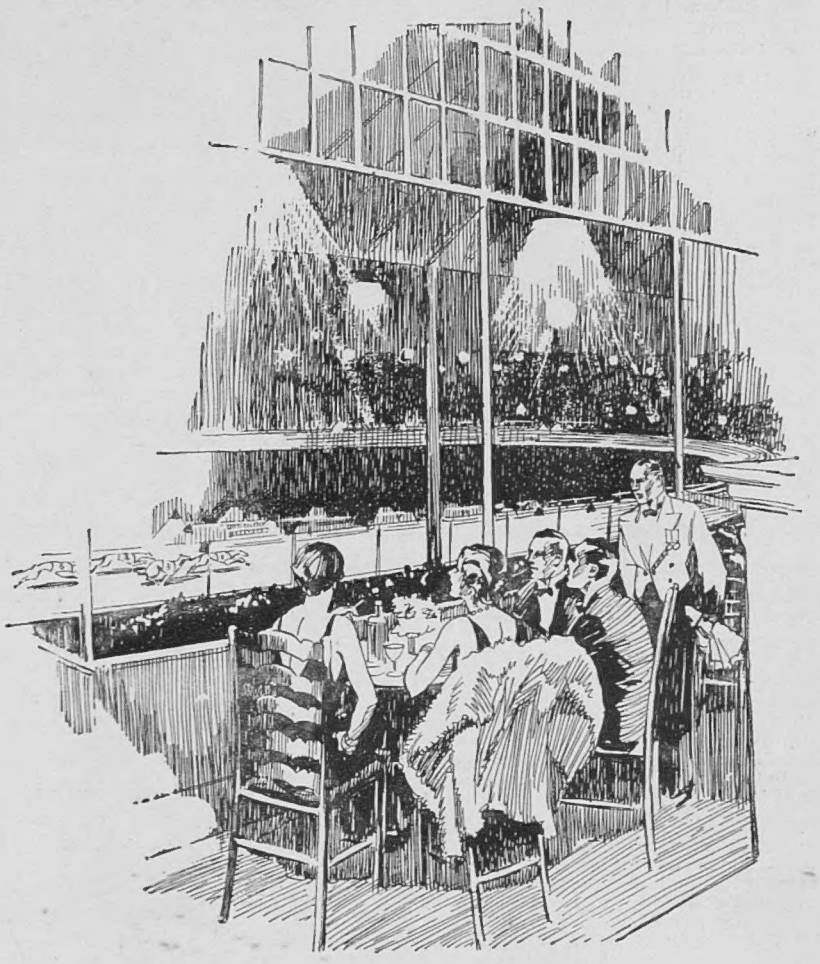

The first evening spent at the White City is a real surprise! The second follows — of course . . . Why? — because Greyhound Racing at the White City is so "different."

It means a fresh interest . . . a new thrill . . . you see the fastest dogs, on the finest track. It means a "successful" evening, and that means a lot. No wonder!

WHITE CITY

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NOTES and NEWS

THE ROAD TO PROSPERITY

A vigorous plea to British manufacturers to break what is described as "virtually a buyers' strike" is made by Mr. H. G. Saward, the head of the famous advertising firm of Saward, Baker and Co., Ltd., in a most illuminative brochure just issued by that firm.

"The rising figures of savings show how the public has recently refrained from spending money that would have created employment had it been wisely spent instead of being saved," writes Mr. Saward.

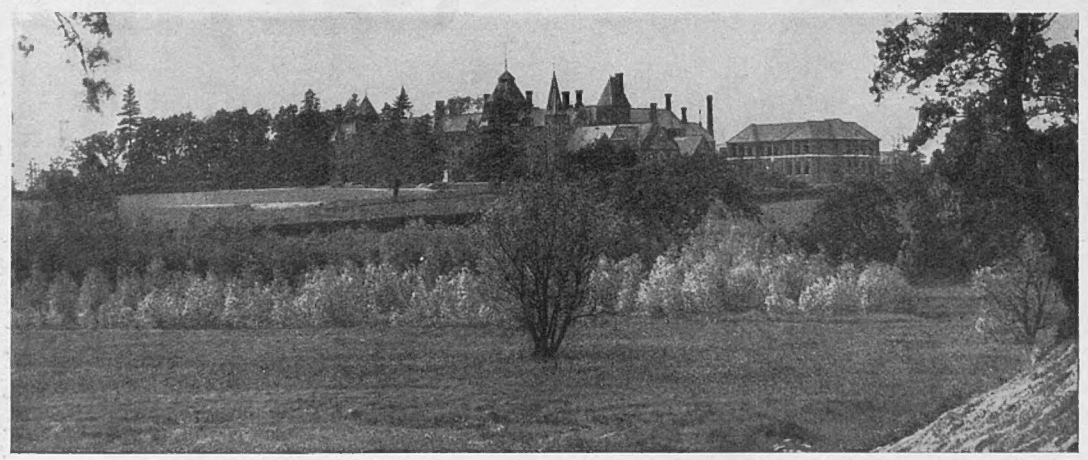
"People's inclination, naturally but mistakenly, has been to economise, when what the country really needed was that they should spend more freely and more confidently, particularly on home-manufactured goods. The argument that increased saving is desirable because the deposits of the small man provide capital for industry does not hold good in the present situation. There is no shortage in the supply of capital available for industry, if industry could only employ it. Where there is shortage is in the demand for the products of industry.

"It is as much their national duty, as it is in their personal interests, that British manufacturers should do everything humanly possible at this juncture to make the public buy more freely."

Mr. Saward brings to his argument some very powerful facts. "Many manufacturers," he says, "among them clients of my own organization, are to-day pursuing sound, active marketing policies that are earning good profits and attracting into healthy circulation money that would otherwise be either buried as savings, or spent in uneconomic ways that would not benefit British industry. Among company reports that appeared during 1932 no fewer than 313, out of a batch of 1,664 recently analyzed, showed an increase in profits over those of the previous year; while a further 139 showed a negligible decline (less than one-tenth) in profits. Of the 452 companies the profits of which increased or showed only a negligible decline, 311 or nearly 70 per cent. are advertisers; while of the other companies—the 1,212, the profits of which diminished 10 per cent. or more—two out of every three are non-advertisers."

Mr. Saward produces some highly interesting charts which show that, unemployment notwithstanding, the volume of employment in British industry tends steadily to increase as the population grows. Despite money-wage reductions the constant fall in the cost of living has increased the total purchasing power of the masses. Despite Income-Tax and salary cuts the continuing success of many advertisers shows that there has been no fall in the purchasing power of the middle classes that can justify lack of confidence in the results to be expected from well-planned marketing efforts.

"In fact," declares Mr. Saward, "the manufacturer of a good product turned out at a fair price has the remedy in his own hands if his sales are not satisfactory."



FRAMLINGHAM COLLEGE: This picture of the famous Suffolk College was taken with a telephoto lens from the battlements of Framlingham Castle, a superb edifice on the hill opposite the school in the grounds of which the scholars of Framlingham perform a Shakespeare play every two years. Last July *As You Like It* was given with great effect, to the success of which the ideal setting added in great measure

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

At a recent Committee Meeting of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, the Committee, in accordance with custom, presented a sword to an old *Arethusa* boy, who has just been promoted to Warrant Rank in the Royal Navy. This "old boy" stated that it was entirely due to the excellent training that he had received in the *Arethusa* that he had been able to get on so well. The Society is in urgent need of funds to help them in their great work. Please send your gifts to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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20 Years Younger!

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CARADIUM IS NOT A DYE

"Caradium" regrows the original colour straight from the hair roots quickly, safely, yet absolutely surely, due chiefly to the radio active water with which it is prepared. "CARADIUM" stops your hair falling at once and gives it a new lease of life. IT NEVER FAILS.

Dandruff quickly banished.

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4/- size is now available for those who are ONLY SLIGHTLY GREY, large size 7/6

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GREY HAIR WILL NEVER APPEAR IF "CARADIUM" IS USED ONCE WEEKLY AS A TONIC

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Works Wonders in the Care of Your Hair

MASSAGE the scalp with the **Ointment** to remove the dandruff. Then shampoo with **Cuticura Soap** to cleanse the hair and restore its natural gloss and vigor.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

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Aberdeen - - The Caledonian Hotel
Aberystwyth - Hotel Victoria
Do. - Lion Royal Hotel
Do. - "Deva" Private Hotel
Alnwick - - White Swan Hotel
Alton - - - Swan Hotel
Anglesey - - Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay
Ashford - - Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury - - Crown Hotel
Banbury - - White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales) Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down) - Royal Hotel
Barmouth - - Marine Hotel
Barnstaple - - Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath - - - Bath Spa Hotel
Do. - - - Grand Pump Room Hotel
Do. - - - Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W. Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed - Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent - The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool - - Empire Private Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie - - Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis - Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do. - Gresham Hotel
Do. - Arlington Private Hotel
Boroughbridge - Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth - Branksome Tower Hotel
Do. - Branksome Dene Hotel
Do. - Boscombe Dene
Do. - Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do. - Carlton Hotel
Do. - Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do. - Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do. - Haddon Hall Private Hotel
Do. - The Haven Hotel
Do. - Hotel Walmer
Do. - The Imperial Hotel
Do. - Marina House Private Hotel
Do. - Mandurah Private Hotel
Do. - Osborne Priory Hotel
Do. - Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere - Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill - - Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan - Allan Water Hotel
Brighton - - Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do. - - Hollywood Hotel
Broadway - - Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora - - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton - - - The Bedford Hotel
Do. - - - The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart - - The Rosapenna Hotel (Co. Donegal)
Catterick - - The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford - - Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar - - Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham - - Ellenborough Hotel
Do. - - Plough Hotel
Do. - - Pyatt's Hotel
Chester - - - Queen's Hotel
Cirencester - - King's Head Hotel
Do. - - Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do. - - Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork - - - Imperial Hotel
Criccieth - - Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do. - - Lion Hotel
Cromer - - - The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin) Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish - - - Sefton Hotel
Derby - - - Friary Hotel
Do. - - - Midland Hotel
Dingle (Co. Kerry) Benner's Hotel
Dornoch - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa - Impney Hotel
Do. - Raven Hotel
Dublin - - Central Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do. - - Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries - - County Hotel
Dundee - - - Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld - - Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin) - Ross's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Southdown Hotel
Do. - - The Chatsworth Hotel
Do. - - York House Hotel
Edinburgh - - Barnton Hotel, Cramond Bridge
Do. - - Caledonian Hotel
Do. - - Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do. - - Roxburghe Hotel
Do. - - Royal British Hotel
Elie - - - Marine Hotel
Falmouth - - Falmouth Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Folkestone - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Fort William - Imperial Hotel
Fowey - - - Fowey Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do. - - - St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles - - Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork) Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester - - Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Do. - - New Inn Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Do. - - Spread Eagle
Goathland - - The Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea - The Pier Hotel
Greenock - - Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern - Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones - - Grand Hotel (Co. Wicklow)
Guernsey - - Richmond Hotel
Guildford - - Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane - - - Bisset's Hotel
Halifax - - - White Swan Hotel
Harrogate - - Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do. - - Crown Hotel
Do. - - Granby Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Majestic Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings - - Queen's Hotel
Heathfield - - Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames - Imperial Hotel
Hereford - - Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead - - Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross - - Hoops Inn
Hove - - - Courtlands Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull - - - White House Hotel
Do. - - - Grosvenor Hotel
Do. - - - Imperial Hotel
Hythe - - - Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe - - Crescent Hotel
Instow - - - Instow Private Hotel (N. Devon)
Inverness - - Station Hotel
Kenilworth - - Arden House Hotel
Keswick - - County Hotel
Do. - - Keswick Hotel
Do. - - The Borrowdale Hotel
Do. - - Skiddaw Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Oak Hotel
Kew Gardens - Cumberland House Private Hotel
Kingstown - - Ross's Hotel (Co. Dublin)
Kingussie - - Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa - Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do. - Crown Hotel
Do. - Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds - - - Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane - Newton House Hotel
Leighton Buzzard The Cock Hotel
Letchworth - - The People's House
Lincoln - - - Grand Hotel
Littlehampton - Southlands Hotel
Liverpool - - Adelphi Hotel
Do. - - Exchange Hotel
Do. - - North Western Hotel
Llandrindod Wells Ye Wells Hotel
Llandudno - - Empire Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire - Loch Awe Hotel
London - - - Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do. - - - Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7
Do. - - - Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do. - - - Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do. - - - Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do. - - - Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do. - - - Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do. - - - Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do. - - - Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do. - - - New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do. - - - Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do. - - - Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, S.W.
Do. - - - Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do. - - - Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do. - - - South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do. - - - Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do. - - - Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do. - - - "Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do. - - - West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Looe - - - Fieldhead Hotel
Lossiemouth - Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis - - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Pitt House Hotel
Do. - - Stile House Hotel
Do. - - The Bay Hotel
Lytham - - Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead - - Skindles Hotel
Do. - Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone - - Royal Star Hotel
Manchester - - Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts - Midland Hotel
Matlock - - Rockside Hydro
Milford-on-Sea - Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead - - Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead Manor House Hotel
Morthoe - - Watersmeet Hotel
Nairn - - - Royal Marine Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn - Victoria Hotel
Newquay - - Atlantic Hotel
Do. - - Headland Hotel
Do. - - St. Rumon's Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Victoria
North Berwick - Marine Hotel
North Berwick - Royal Hotel
Northampton - Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham - - The County Hotel
Do. - - The George Hotel
Oban - - - Great Western Hotel
Do. - - - Station Hotel
Oughterard (Co. Galway) - Corrib Hotel
Oxford - - - Randolph Hotel
Paignton - - Paignton Palace Hotel
Do. - - Paignton Hydro
Do. - - Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr - Grand Hotel
Penrith - - - Ullswater Hotel
Perth - - - Station Hotel
Petersfield - - Fern Bank Private Hotel
Plymouth Hoe - Hoe Mansion Hotel
Portheawl - - Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M. - Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey) Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks) - The King's Head Hotel
Ripon - - - Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down) - Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge - Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews - - Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea Grand Hotel
St. Ives - - - Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots - - Bridge Hotel
Do. - - New Inn Hotel
Salisbury - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Old George Hotel
Do. - - The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W. - Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough - The Manor Private Hotel
Do. - Pavilion Hotel
Seaford - - Battle Creek Hotel
Seaton - - - The Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks - - Heathfield Private Hotel
Do. - - "Top o' the Hill"
Shanklin - - Channel View Hotel
Sheffield - - Albany Hotel
Do. - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Sidmouth - - Belmont Hotel
Do. - - Fortfield Hotel
Do. - - Torbay View Hotel
Do. - - Victoria Hotel
Do. - - Westcliff Hall Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth - Grange Hotel
Do. - "Aberdalgie"
Southport - - Prince of Wales Hotel
Southsea - - Gladstone Hotel
Do. - - Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold - - The Swan Hotel
Staines - - - Pack Horse Hotel
Stonehaven - - Royal Hotel
Stranraer - - King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon Arden Hotel
Stroud - - - The Bear Inn
Do. - - - Hillgrove Guest House
Sunbury-on-Thames - Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland - - Palatine Hotel
Surbiton - - Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Swanage - - Craigside Hotel
Taunton - - Castle Hotel
Teignmouth - - Beach Hotel
Do. - - Dunmore Hotel, Shaldon
Do. - - Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe - Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury - - The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone - - Rock House Private Hotel (S. Devon)
Do. - - Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern - - - Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay - - Allerdale Hotel
Do. - - Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Haldon Manor Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Hennapyn
Do. - - Links Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do. - - Osborne Hotel
Do. - - Palace Hotel
Do. - - Palm Court Hotel
Do. - - Roslin Hall Hotel
Do. - - The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do. - - The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do. - - Victoria and Albert Hotel
Do. - - White House Hotel
Troon - - - Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells - Earl's Court Hotel
Do. - Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool - - Royal Hotel
Uxbridge - - Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor - - Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel
Do. - - Belmont Private Hotel
Waltham Cross - Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick - - Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Somerset - Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea - Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool - Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare - Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do. - - Crosby Hall Hotel
Do. - - Royal Pier Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks - Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay - Waverley Hotel
Winchester - - Talbot Hotel
Do. - Wellington House Hotel, Kingsgate
Windermere - - Belsfield Hotel
Do. - - Low Wood Hotel
Windsor - - The Old House Hotel
Woolacombe - Whin Bay Hotel
Do. - - Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing - - Steyne Hotel

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